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1849







Truly Yours

Charles Jewett

SPEECHES, POEMS,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS,
ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH
TEMPERANCE
AND
THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY
CHARLES JEWETT, M. D.

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PREFACE.

THE author of this volume has recorded on its pages the honest convictions of his understanding, relative to a great question of practical importance to individuals and the public. The opinions and sentiments herein expressed are the result of careful observation and much reflection during a period of more than twenty years, the last ten of which have been almost exclusively devoted to the public advocacy of the Temperance cause. This work is given to the public with an earnest desire that the perusal of its pages may kindle in the minds of its readers an undying hatred of a wicked system, which contributes, more than any other evil influence tolerated among us, to deprave and ruin our countrymen, and to disgrace and burden society.

Although the author has no apology to offer for laying this little volume before the public, he has something to say relative to its contents ; and first of the speeches.

No one of them is an exact copy, in all its parts, of any speech I have ever made. The first three of the arrangement, which were reported by Mr. Rockwell, I have taken the liberty to prune of some sentences, which were not necessary to the development of the argument ; and I have here and there added others, which, in my judgment, would give it more strength

and clearness. The other discourses I have reported from memory, and, whether more or less able than I have been accustomed to make them when addressing public assemblies, I cannot say. Persons who have frequently listened to me can better judge, and there are many such in all the New England states, except Vermont. In reporting from memory, I am not certain but I have run a little into the essay style, if it may be proper to speak of style in connection with my method of expressing thought.

A word of the articles in verse. While laboring to establish in the minds of my fellow-men the convictions of my own understanding in relation to the prevailing sin and miseries of intemperance, I have sought to vary the mode of instruction from time to time, and adapt it to the character and condition of those immediately before or around me, so far as might be done without sacrificing the great principles which underlay the whole enterprise. In doing this, I have sometimes endeavored to associate those principles or truths with poetic thought, and a diction a little more harmonious than my ordinary prose.

However severely my attempts at verse might suffer from a rigid criticism, I find pleasure in the belief that they have sometimes contributed to the gratification of those who love the cause of temperance, and who diligently labor for its advancement. That consideration shall still afford me comfort even though some keen dissector of words and sentences should undertake to punish me for my presumption, and break a butterfly upon the critic's wheel. I am not vain enough to suppose that I have any claim to the appellation of poet, and

shall never go out of my way as a reformer, or spend an hour of the time allotted me on earth in efforts to secure even a sprig of that laurel which belongs to the followers of the Nine. Others, with larger gifts, may write their names on the face of the world so legibly that they may be read for centuries by generations yet to come, while I shall thank God for the honor of *making my mark*, if that mark be one which shall guide future travellers in the ways of temperance and happiness.

The articles which make up the miscellaneous department of this work, will, I fear, have little interest for those who are not actively engaged in efforts to advance the temperance cause. With two or three exceptions, they are either letters or parts of letters addressed to gentlemen connected with the temperance press, and, though intended for publication, they were generally written in haste and amid the pressure of many cares. Such as they are, they express the opinions of the writer on practical questions connected with the enterprise. If the language employed throughout the work to express my opinions of the rum traffic, and of the vileness and inhumanity of those engaged in it, should be considered by some as unwarrantably harsh, I shall not be surprised; but be that as it may, I will, with perfect frankness, assure the reader that its employment was not a slip of the tongue or the pen. At the risk of my character for amiability, I will confess that my feelings on the subject are much stronger than any language I have employed.

It is quite probable that those who may peruse the following discourses may find here and there an illustra-

tion employed, with which they may have become familiar through other channels; and, without a word of explanation, they might be led to the conclusion that the author had employed the labor of other minds without due credit. It is proper, therefore, that I should, in self-defence, declare that every illustration employed in the discourses, which is not duly credited to some fellow-laborer, is my own, whether good or bad. If others have employed them, without the proper reference to their origin, let the charge of plagiarism rest where it belongs.

It was my intention to add to this work a discourse on the influence of intoxicating drinks upon the physical constitution of man. I could not, however, secure the completion, in time, of such diagrams as would be necessary to make the subject clear to the minds of those who have never studied the anatomy of the human body. I must, therefore, defer the publication of my thoughts, on that subject, to some future period.

With these explanatory remarks, I commit this little volume to the judgment of the public; and, in doing so, I will say to that public, concerning the book, as I have often said of a dose of medicine to a sick friend, "If you can only manage to swallow it, I believe it will do you good."

CHARLES JEWETT.

June 15, 1849.

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THE LAW AND TENDENCIES OF ARTIFICIAL APPETITES.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT BLOOMFIELD, CONNECTICUT.
DECEMBER 24, 1848.

REPORTED PHONOGRAPHICALLY, BY H. E. ROCKWELL.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

WARNINGS, similar to that uttered in the song to which we have just listened, have been, for the last thirty years at least, continually falling upon our ears and the ears of our fellow men. Good men, widowed and wretched women, neglected, abused, and suffering children, — ah ! and even the drunkard himself, — have unitedly warned us against the terrible influences of intoxicating poisons ; and yet they are vended and drank in our midst, as though they were perfectly harmless. Those very influences and instrumentalities which have filled the earth with crime and misery, are permitted still to operate *here* at your very doors, and that under the sanction of the laws of Connecticut. The fruits of God's earth are, in this very town, converted into poison for man, and thoughtless and wicked men are busily engaged in transporting it to and fro, and presenting it to the lips of their neighbors and fellow-citizens. The columns of our public journals are filled with the most heart-rending details of this terrible system, with which, as friends of temperance, we are warring ; and yet it does not deter men from a vigorous and active support of that system. The press, the pulpit, and injured and suffering

thousands, cry out against this modern Moloch ; and yet our sons and our daughters are, by thousands, being immolated upon its bloody altars.

Why is this evil perpetuated in our midst ? Why, in the face of such damning results, is the system producing them tolerated ?

All men affect to deplore the evil of drunkenness, and its attendant miseries. There is now no doubt but community might safely and profitably dispense with the whole system which has proved so destructive to our interests and happiness in times past. Why, then, I ask again, is the state made to groan under its influence ? The question would be variously answered by different individuals, and no doubt very many potent causes are operating together to perpetuate this curse among us. Among them all, however, few are more potent than the one to which I propose, this evening, to call your attention, viz., the loose and unsound notions entertained, by the mass of our fellow-men, relative to the nature, philosophy, and inevitable tendencies of unnatural or artificial appetites.

There are many well marked distinctions between appetites which are natural to our race and those artificial ones which may be formed by the continued use of substances in themselves poisonous, and always injurious in a state of health.

The law of artificial appetites is a law of increase. Their demand is for more, more ; give, give, until we drop into our graves. It is this law which, when a man has heedlessly formed an appetite for intoxicating stimulants, drags him on and down, through a course of indescribable sufferings, to a grave of infamy. Now, there is no *such* tendency in natural appetites for food or drink, though indulged to perfect satiety, and through the period of a long life. They are, almost without exception, as strong when first developed as they can be rendered, in a state of health, at any subsequent period of the life of the individual. Let me illustrate this in a familiar way. I see before me, in the congregation, a number of very young

persons. Now, suppose you take one of these children of four years of age, and, in the season when that fruit may be had, give him a plate of strawberries and cream. The child will eat them with a keen relish, as keen as he will ever do at any subsequent period, though he were fed on that delicious fruit for life. Give to one of these lads of six years a fine apple, and observe with what evident gusto he will dispose of it. Now, you may place at his elbow a basket of choice apples during every day of his future life, and the appetite for apples will not increase. He will not eat one to-day, two to-morrow, three the next day, and so on, consuming larger and still larger quantities of the fruit daily, until he shall gorge himself with apples, and, oppressed with the load, lie down, like a brute, and wallow in the street.

Such results do not follow the use of those delicious fruits with which we may, with proper effort, supply ourselves so abundantly in this favored land. The same is true in relation to every proper article of food or drink. Water is to the thirsty a great luxury. Few articles ever pass the lips of men, whose appetites are not depraved by improper indulgence, which afford more pleasure than water, when that article is really demanded. With what eagerness did you and I, Mr. President, in our boyhood, run to the well, when wearied with childish sports and athirst; and when "the old oaken bucket" was, in the language of the poet, "poised on the curb, and inclined to our lips," and we felt the cool water splashing on our naked feet, O, *then* we could have testified to the excellence of that blessed gift of God, the emblem of purity, and type of that fountain of joy which shall forever spring up in the souls of the blessed. Yet, great as is the pleasure with which, when athirst, we receive pure cold water, the desire for it is not increased by continued indulgence from infancy to three-score years and ten. We do not find men drinking a pint to-day, a quart to-morrow, and so on, increasing, until, urged on by insatiable thirst, they suck on to the spout of the pump, and there remain till, like a gorged leech, they can swallow no

more, and then roll away into the gutter. This is not the law of that appetite which craves water ; .but, gentlemen, is it not the law of that appetite which calls for gin ?

All artificial appetites are governed by the same law. Those which crave opium as a stimulus, or tobacco, or any other narcotic substance, show the controlling influence of this law of increase in a degree scarcely less than that which can be satisfied only with the fiery product of the still. I speak of tobacco ; but let me not be misunderstood. I would not proscribe the use of tobacco on the same ground upon which I would condemn the use of alcoholic stimulants. I have never known an individual led to the commission of crime by an extra Havana, or by laboring too industriously at what would seem the peculiar business of ruminating animals. Pig-tail or old Cavendish, though they induce a filthy habit, and impair the health of the consumer, especially of the nervous system, do not destroy the moral sense, alienate or annihilate the social affections, inflame the passions, and impel an individual, — as do intoxicating drinks, — to kick his wife and children out of doors, or imbrue his hands in their blood. These are results peculiar to the use of those articles which *stimulate* the system to a high degree before their *narcotic* or *sedative* effect is experienced. I have said that the use of tobacco does not, like intoxicating drinks, annihilate the social affections ; but I have no doubt they have often impaired them, for, in my opinion, a wife must have Job-like patience who can have her floor or carpets daily bespattered with the liquid extract of a nauseous drug, and not sometimes have her indignation kindled by such a perpetual imposition. [*Laughter and a little nervousness in certain parts of the house.*]

Mr. President, I hope that no gentleman present, who indulges himself in the use of the weed, will accuse me of attempting to excite an insurrection in his household, for I assure him nothing is further from my purpose. I refer to the use of tobacco by way of illustration, and because the appetite for it, when created, obeys the same law of increase

as that for alcoholic stimulants. If incidental reference to the use of tobacco, in any of the various modes in which it is employed, shall have the effect to restrain the young present from that species of slavery to which I was at one period of my life subjected, I shall rejoice in having been able to *prevent* so many palpitations of the heart and cases of disordered nerves, far more than I should to be able to cure them when created.

To the view I have taken of the distinction between natural and artificial appetites, it may be objected that natural appetites, when improperly indulged, lead to excess, as well as those which are artificial; that we have gluttons as well as drunkards; and that the desire for food is a natural one. To this I reply, that men in a state of health rarely become gluttons in the use of *proper* food. That the stimulating condiments which are too commonly added to food may create an inordinate appetite, and lead to excess, I admit; but no man becomes a glutton by the use of plain-dressed meats, bread, milk, vegetables, fruits, &c. The appetite may be daily satiated, but it is only in cases of bodily infirmity or disease that purely natural appetites become uncontrollable. And, furthermore, you will find, in the case of almost every glutton, that he became so, not only by the use of stimulating articles mixed with his food, but that he was accustomed to the use of alcoholic stimulants. Aldermen whose physical proportions are of the Falstaff stamp, generally consume "sack and sugar," as well as "capons" and turtle-soup.

Here, Mr. President, I take leave, for the present, of this branch of my subject, and shall now, for a few moments, direct your attention to another peculiarity or characteristic of artificial appetites. They seem to disqualify the individual subjected to their influence for sound reasoning on this one subject. I have met with many men of strong intellects who were under the influence of unnatural appetites; and, while conversing with them on other subjects, I have been led to admire the clearness of their logic, and the ingenuity and

directness with which they would arrive at sound conclusions from given premises; but when, in the course of perhaps a lengthy conversation, their unnatural appetite has become the subject of discussion, I have been surprised to see how soon their logic went overboard.

I doubt whether it be in the power of the strongest intellect to reason as soundly in relation to an unnatural appetite, to which the individual has become subject, as upon other matters. At any rate, I have never met with such a one. They will admit that the indulgence of the appetite they have formed is generally injurious, and perhaps dangerous; but there is something peculiar in *their* constitution or circumstances which renders the indulgence comparatively harmless, or quite necessary, in their case. Its indulgence, they will allow, leads to excess in most cases; but, nevertheless, *they* can manage to indulge, and yet keep within the bounds of reason; theirs is an exception to the general rule; their temperament is very peculiar; and so on, to the extreme of folly. A well educated spaniel puppy ought to be able to use better logic than is often exhibited by men of talent and extensive intellectual acquirements. They are under a cloud on one subject. They are spell-bound; a sort of monomania has taken possession of them, — not to say a devil.

You have doubtless heard of the good old lady who had been an extravagant consumer of snuff for many years, and who, when urged to break the habit on account of its alleged tendency to injure the voice, exclaimed, with a peculiar nasal twang, [*the doctor imitated it by compressing the nasal passages with his thumb and finger,*] “I do-’t believe a si-gle word of it, for I h-ab took snuff for twe-ty years, and my voice is chest as clear now as it was whe-d I commed-ced.” The good lady was mistaken. She could neither hear nor reason correctly in relation to snuff and its influences. Had you consulted her on other subjects, I doubt not but she might have exhibited powers of observation and reason quite respectable. Observe a young man of twenty or twenty-five, who

indulges in an occasional glass of wine, and perhaps something a little stronger, and who begins to feel, at times, a strong desire for stimulants. His sister, of sixteen, it may be, is seen by him to dip the extremities of her fingers in grandmother's snuff-box, and he will be very likely to feel and express some anxiety lest that dear sister should now, in her very youth, become addicted to the slavish and filthy habit of snuff-taking. He warns her of the danger, and when she asserts her intention to take but very little, and that but "occasionally," and denies the possibility of her becoming enslaved to the habit, like grandmother, you will hear him at once assuring her that, if she persists in tampering with the stuff, the formation of an unnatural appetite is inevitable: that all inveterate consumers of the article commenced just as she is commencing; and that the appetite was formed contrary to their expectation, and in spite of innumerable resolves against it. He reasons soundly in relation to the matter of his sister's danger, and the nature and tendency of a practice in which *she* is beginning to indulge. But will he manifest the same good sense and acuteness in relation to his own practices? Let us see. What have you in that glass, young man? "A little wine," is the answer; or it may be some brandy and water, or whiskey punch. But, young man, do you know that the use of that article tends to the production of an unnatural appetite, so fierce and insatiable in its nature that it has often overcome the will of the strongest men, and dragged them down to penury, disgrace, and untimely graves? And do you not fear that such may be the result in your case, if you persist in using it? The case now is exactly parallel to that of his sister, and he reasoned correctly in hers; but will he in his own? O, it is melancholy to hear him reply, "Pshaw! a man is a fool who cannot drink a glass of wine or brandy occasionally, and yet govern his appetites. Do not give yourself any uneasiness on my account. I know when I have taken enough. I can drink, or, if I please, I can let it alone."

Mr. President, when I hear such language in the mouth of

an individual, young or old, I believe, without further evidence, one half of that last assertion. I believe he "*can drink*," and I may believe the other half, that he "*can let it alone*," after he has tried the experiment. Until then, I am sceptical on that point. Such language as I have just quoted is daily uttered by thousands of our young men, even in this, so called, "*land of steady habits*;" and it bears painful testimony to their want of instruction on the subject to which I am directing your attention. When I reached this village, yesterday afternoon, I had occasion to stop at the public house across the way. I there saw a fine, intelligent-looking young man walk into the bar-room from another room adjoining, call for three glasses of a compound of which intoxicating poison is the principal ingredient, and bear it away with him to the room from which he had entered. Soon after, he again came out, and obtained a further supply. Who were in the room to which he carried his poisonous drinks I know not. I sincerely hope, ladies, for the honor of your sex, that ladies constituted no part of the company. I was in that case, as I always am in similar cases, pained exceedingly to see that fine-looking young man going like an ox to the slaughter. "O," thought I, "if you could but understand to what a tremendous power you are subjecting yourself, you would pause before you took another step in that direction." Impress that young man with a just sense of the dangers which surround the course he is pursuing, of the inevitable tendency and overwhelming power of the unnatural appetite he is forming, and he would no more touch the accursed poison than he would thrust his hand into the fire.

But why, we may be asked, may not an individual, when he discovers the fact that his appetite for stimulants has become strong,—why may he not then call to his aid his *reason* and his *will*, and put his enemy at once under his feet? He may and will be successful in such an effort, if he make the discovery before his will or resolution is essentially broken down. Thousands of reformed men, scattered over the land, can

attest to the practicability of such an undertaking. It is well, however, that the real cause of the difficulty be understood.

General debility of the body, though often attended with great strength and clearness of intellect, is always accompanied with extreme feebleness of resolution or will. Especially is this the case where the stomach is the primary seat of the disease, or has been early and severely affected by it. Acute observers have noticed this fact centuries ago. The great poet and dramatist of England,—I might say of the world, rather,—saw the fact clearly, and has given us a fine illustration of the subject in one of his tragedies. You will recollect that, in the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, Cassius is at one time represented as laboring very industriously and ingeniously to draw Brutus into the conspiracy to take the life of Cæsar. To secure his object, he deemed it important to convince Brutus that the tyrant was not a man of such unfaltering strength of purpose as he seemed to suppose, and as the world generally gave him credit for. He proceeds to relate how Cæsar, after having challenged him to swim with him the Tiber, gave out in the attempt, and lustily roared for help, and how that he (Cassius) was compelled to bear out “the *tired* Cæsar” on his shoulders; after which he adds,

“He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: ’tis true, this god did shake!
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of *such a feeble temper* [resolution or will] should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.”

This, on the part of Cassius, was very ingenious, but equally fallacious. To prove Cæsar really a weak man, and

irresolute of purpose, something more was necessary than to prove that he shook during the cold fit of an ague, or feebly exclaimed, "Give me some drink," while under the debilitating effects of disease. There never lived a man so firm of nerve or purpose but that he would shake and utter feeble exclamations under the same circumstances. How irresolute is a sea-sick man ! Were you to declare your purpose to throw him overboard, and really set about it, he would scarcely resist you. Had the surgeons of the American and Mexican armies given to each officer and soldier, thirty minutes before the commencement of the battle of Buena Vista, a tablespoonful of a pretty strong solution of tartar emetic, there would have been very little blood spilled on that occasion. A score of old ladies, armed with broomsticks, might have driven both armies off the ground, or at least kept them at bay. I have heard many men of iron nerve and energy, when well, whine like children in the sick room, when under the influence of disease in which the stomach was much involved, and where, consequently, the nervous system was unstrung or enfeebled.

Now, what is the condition of the drunkard ? His physical constitution is impaired, and his stomach in a state of disease from the fiery draughts he is daily swallowing. His nervous system is disordered, and when not under the immediate influence of stimulants, he is in precisely that condition in which irresolution or feebleness of purpose is to be expected. I marvel that any man, under *such* circumstances, even with all the support which Washingtonian sympathy and effort can give, has ever been able to break the chain that for years had bound him ; and you will find that those who have stood firm, and still adhere to their principles and their pledge, were originally men of uncommon resolution or firmness of nerve. Let our young men, who are beginning to tamper with the cup, understand this, and be assured that, in creating this unnatural appetite, they will inevitably derange their nervous systems, disorder the functions of the stomach, and thus enfeeble their resolution—the very power on which they rely to escape

from the pit into which they are venturing. Let them know, that they are nursing in their constitutions a very anaconda, which will finally crush them in its folds. Go, young man, and talk with a drunkard in his sober moments, as I have done, and hear him declare how very many times he has resolved he would never drink more, and how, as often, such resolutions have been broken. See the tear of regret coursing down his cheeks, and hear him, as I have often done, declare that he would give worlds, did he possess them, if he could dislodge the fiend that he has nourished within. Hear him utter the melancholy declaration that it is too late for him; that he has no longer the strength of purpose or resolution to make head against the current which he knows is sweeping him on to the whirlpool of destruction. "Wine is a mocker! Strong drink is raging!" O young men, be warned.

If there are present any of that numerous class of persons who are ready ever to denounce drunkenness and the drunkard in unmeasured terms, while they look on moderate drinking with allowance, or perhaps even give to the drinking usages of society the support of their example, will they allow me to suggest that the considerations I have presented ought, for the future, to give a better direction to their sympathies and their denunciations? The drunkard, who became such fifteen or twenty years ago, while the world was in comparative ignorance of the truths since brought to light by the temperance reformation, and who may now find himself destitute of that strength of purpose necessary to break the chain that binds him, is not a proper object for denunciation. How far he may be morally responsible for the condition of wretchedness in which he now finds himself, I will not pretend to determine; but I say, unhesitatingly, that, charged as he is, by the voice of the community, with guilt and folly, he is, in my opinion, justly chargeable with either in a less degree than the man who, with the means of information now within his reach, and with the warning voice of thousands ringing in his ears, disregards both, and goes on to form an unnatural appetite, which may lead

him into sin and crime, and open for him an untimely and dishonorable grave. He boasts of his power of self-control, and he is therefore bound to employ it. The wretched drunkard often confesses, with tears of regret, that his has been lost, or so far enfeebled, that it will not serve him in the dreadful extremity to which he has arrived.

Mr. President, the case of the drunkard is not the only one in which the appetites become master of the will; and it may not be amiss for us to consider, for a few moments, the circumstances under which even the appetite for food, though a natural one, attains a complete mastery even of the strongest men; for, although I have before asserted that the natural appetites, under ordinary circumstances, have no tendency to become tyrannical or overbearing, yet there are various circumstances which may, *for the time*, give to a natural appetite the characteristics and strength of one that is entirely artificial.

Eleven years' experience in the practice of my profession as a physician and surgeon has afforded me abundant opportunities of witnessing to the truth of what I have just asserted. Go with me, in your imagination, Mr. President, to the sick chamber. There lies an individual who has been brought to the verge of the grave, as it were, by typhus fever. He is now convalescent. The disease reached its crisis, as we say, three days since: the tongue, of late so heavily loaded, has parted with its unnatural coating; the mouth is no longer dry, for the salivary glands have resumed their natural functions; and the stomach, which has for three weeks been inactive, now, in behalf of the enfeebled and emaciated frame, is clamorous for nutriment. While the stomach has been unable to prepare nutriment for the body, the absorbents have been at work to supply the vital organs with necessary support; and, after having worked up the adipose or fatty matter, which had, in time of health, been laid away as nutriment in reserve, they have attacked the muscular system, and the thick bodies of the muscles have been worked up into nutriment for the vital organs, until those muscles are reduced to mere feeble

strings ; and hence, although the disease has bidden a kind farewell, his powers of locomotion will be very feeble for a long time to come. Yet what has been borrowed from these muscles during the late calamity must be restored, and the stomach must therefore, for a time, perform double duty. It must provide means to repair the daily wear of the organs, and extra material to build up again those muscles which the absorbents have whittled away to strings. The demand for food, under these trying circumstances, is rendered peculiarly urgent, and a natural appetite, for the time being, assumes the strength of an unnatural one. Now, will our feeble patient govern that appetite, and keep it within the control of reason and prudence ? You know, Mr. President, and some of you, ladies and gentlemen, that he will not. Some of you have been taught by bitter experience. It matters not, though the patient be a Rev. D. D., who has spent his life in religious teaching, and a thousand times enjoined upon his hearers the duty of controlling their passions and appetites, of keeping the body under, and bringing it into subjection, to the highest powers of reason and conscience. I would not now trust him with a beefsteak or a plum pudding within his reach sooner than the most thoughtless child. His power of self-control — in other words, his resolution or will — has been brought down below zero, while his appetite for food, through the causes I have enumerated, has acquired five times its natural strength. He has lost the balance of power, and you must now stand between him and the table, or he will use food so imprudently as perhaps to bring on a relapse of fever, and it may be destroy his life.

A professor in one of our medical colleges, who has spent his life in the study and practice of medicine, who has seen hundreds under the circumstances I have described, and who could call to mind scores of cases where improper indulgence in food, under such circumstances, has been fatal to the life of the individual, can no more be trusted to regulate his own diet, during the period of convalescence from a severe

and protracted disease, than a schoolboy. If he did not, like Cæsar, cry out, "Give me some drink, Titinius," he would call for bread and butter, or chicken soup, in tones, and with an expression of countenance, which would excite your compassion. His medical knowledge is not worth a cent to him under his present circumstances: you must stand between him and the table, or he dies.

Suppose *appetite*, and the controlling power, *will*, to be represented on two opposite scales or thermometers. In health, we will suppose that appetite stands at fifty on its scale, while will stands at seventy. The will now governs; but in such a state of disease as I have described, or rather during convalescence, the appetite runs up on the scale to seventy, eighty, or a hundred, while will, enfeebled by the infirmity of the body, especially that of the stomach and nervous system, has fallen down below zero on the scale. The man must now be controlled by forces from without, or he will destroy himself. Supply him with a little food to-day, as much as may be safely administered and well digested, and to-morrow strength of body and will has crept up five or ten degrees on the scale, while appetite is less clamorous, having fallen five or ten degrees on its scale. Pursue the same course daily for a few days, and appetite will have come down daily, until it answers to fifty on the scale, while will, or the governing power, has gone up to seventy. You may now relax your care of the patient; he can take care of himself.

The drunkard's will is enfeebled by disease of the stomach and the nervous system, and the terrific power of an unnatural and fiendish appetite rules him with a rod of iron. O my hearers, have mercy on the drunkard! His wretched condition demands your compassion. Encourage him by kind words, and support him in every feeble resolution he may form. Convince him, by persevering efforts for his rescue, that you are indeed his friend, and thus secure an influence over him which you may wield for his salvation. Stand around him like a wall of fire, to protect him from the mer-

ciless wretches who would profit by his folly and weakness, and thus contribute what aid you may to restore him to himself, to his family, to society, to happiness, and usefulness.

Another peculiarity which attaches to all artificial appetites is that, in addition to the injury they inflict on the intellect, the will, the moral character, &c., they each and all have a direct tendency to impair some one or more of the organs of sense, and thus lessen even the amount of animal enjoyment. The individual who has given his or her nose such an unfortunate education that it hourly clamors for a supply of pulverized tobacco, may derive a *certain kind* of enjoyment from the gratification of such unnatural desires. Such enjoyment is vile, however, compared with what the individual sacrifices to secure it. Let that person walk out in the orchard some morning in June, —

“ At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
Or eve, when flowers their fragrance shed
In the rustling gale,” —

when the air is full of sweet odors, and he is a stranger to that enjoyment which surrounding influences would impart to those whose organs of smell have not been so terribly abused. Often, while travelling, with my pockets full of choice apples, and in company with some friend, I have offered to share with him their contents, and received for answer, “ No, I thank you. I have got some tobacco in my mouth.” Poor soul! and so he must deny himself the luxury of delicious fruit, that he might masticate a filthy weed, which we put around our squash vines to keep off the bugs. But some one may reply, that men who chew tobacco eat apples and other fine fruits at certain times. I am aware of that fact, but I am equally convinced that those luscious fruits never afford to organs of taste, whose sensibilities have been blunted by narcotics, that exquisite pleasure they afford to a healthy palate.

A personal friend of mine, in the county of Essex, Massachusetts, who was an early and devoted friend of temperance,

once related to me an anecdote which may serve to illustrate the truth I am laboring to enforce. That friend is a clergyman; and having, as I wish, for the sake of their health, every clergyman had, a love for horticulture, he had surrounded his house, and stocked his yards, which were of ample dimensions, with choice fruit trees. In the season of them, he can set before his friends almost every variety of choice fruits; and, with a spirit of generosity and benevolence quite characteristic of the man, he seems to take great pleasure in doing so. At a time when many varieties of fine fruits were in their highest state of perfection, a friend from Boston visited him. He was a man of talent, education, and of the most respectable connections. He had, however, unfortunately formed an appetite for unnatural stimulants, and impaired the tone of his stomach by their use. My friend invited him to walk in his fruit yards; and, culling from the bending boughs the finest specimens of pears, peaches, grapes, &c., and accompanying their bestowment with such descriptions of their origin and peculiarities as none but an enthusiast in the science of horticulture could give, he passed them into the hands of his Boston friend, not doubting but he was affording him a rich treat. He, however, at length discovered that the fruits, instead of being eaten, were accumulating in the hands of his friend; and, in a tone which almost conveyed reproof, he exclaimed, "My dear sir, do eat them, and eat them freely; they are fully ripe, and can hurt no one; and I have an abundance of them." The unfortunate man looked him up in the face, as my friend informed me, and with the most lugubrious expression imaginable, replied, "My dear friend, I am sensible of your kindness; but *do you not think such things are rather cold for the stomach?*"

Poor man! he had scorched the coats of his stomach with the fiery products of the still until he had no relish for the most luscious fruits which God has given for our sustenance and enjoyment. "Rather cold for the stomach!" Mr. President, you and I, with palates and stomachs uncursed by alcohol, will not complain of the coldness of delicious

peaches, or a basket of grapes, whose purple jackets are bursting from the pressure of the rich juices they contain.

I cannot but hope, Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, that the time is not far distant when mankind will unitedly come to the conclusion that our merciful and all-wise heavenly Father knew better than we can possibly know how many appetites it were best for human beings to possess, and no longer be guilty of the folly of manufacturing a number of new ones, in the gratification of which we render ourselves disgusting to others, while we ourselves are reduced by them to a bondage worse than Egyptian. Let us all be assured that in the temperate indulgence of natural appetites we shall not only secure the most perfect action of our intellects and social affections, but that we shall thereby secure the greatest amount even of animal enjoyment.

Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, I must conclude this too lengthy discourse by expressing to you my thanks for your patient and respectful attention.

THE WARFARE OF THE TRAFFIC IN INTOXICATING DRINKS ON ALL USEFUL TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT BLOOMFIELD, CONNECTICUT,
DECEMBER 29, 1848.

REPORTED PHONOGRAPHICALLY, BY H. E. ROCKWELL.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : —

WHILE pretty strenuous efforts are being made by the friends of temperance, in almost every section of our state and country, to bring to an end that pernicious and destructive system of things, which has produced all the drunkenness, and a large portion of the poverty and wretchedness, we see around us, we ought not to consider it at all remarkable, or extraordinary, that those whose business, habits, or inclinations lead them to desire the continuance of that system, should be found casting about them for something in the shape of argument, or reason, by which to sustain themselves in the course they pursue. To be sure, it requires considerable courage and assurance, if nothing worse, to look up, and employ arguments against a blessed enterprise which has healed thousands of broken hearts, and carried peace, and plenty, and joy, to thousands of once wretched homes. But the case is a desperate one, and desperate efforts must be made, or the adored Diana would crumble before them. As their feeble objections, and contemptible arguments, have been successively knocked on the head with the

sledge-hammer of truth, it has been amazingly interesting to witness their zeal to get up something new. Sometimes failing to do this, they are compelled to galvanize into a brief existence some old and exploded affair, which, having been riddled through and through by the shafts of truth, we had hoped might have been permitted to enjoy an undisturbed repose.

The last resurrection of that character, with which I have become acquainted, is of that old argument, that, by the course we are pursuing, we are making unwarrantable encroachments on the rights of our fellow-citizens; that we are meddling with what does not concern us, and embarrassing and persecuting those who are quietly and properly minding their own business. It is very amusing to see the rum-sellers of Connecticut laboring so industriously to place themselves in the attitude of persecuted individuals, and almost enough to draw tears from granite, to listen to their pathetic appeals for public sympathy. The language of a distinguished comic poet of England would not be out of place in their mouths —

“Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes.”

Sir, the traffickers in intoxicating drinks are the last men who ought to complain of persecution. The system which they are laboring to sustain, and by which they are getting, and still hope to get gain, is at this moment waging a direct and incessant warfare upon every useful trade, occupation, and profession in the state of Connecticut. They themselves live, not by a legitimate business, which returns to society an equivalent for the goods or money they extract from it and employ for the sustenance of their useless lives, but, on the contrary, as they grow rich, others around them, to a still greater extent, must grow poor; for the article with which they supply their customers, not only does them no good, but positive evil, unfitting them for the discharge of their duties to God, their families, and society at large. As a poisonous mushroom grows most luxuriantly when it sprouts from a heap of decaying vegetables, so a rum-seller fattens and thrives in exact proportion

to the decay and rottenness of society around him. I have said that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, and the system against which we are warring — and by the *system*, I mean all the parts, tools, and appurtenances of the drunkard-making business, as linked together, between the mouth of the still and the stomach of the drunkard — this system, I repeat, is waging a direct war with every useful branch of business carried on in this community. If there is a man in Bloomfield who finds, on careful examination, that his particular business is not in some way injured by the rum traffic, then I advise that gentleman to get out of his business as quickly as possible; for no further evidence is needed that it is a vile and useless business, which ought not to employ the time and labor of any man.

Sir, let us look at this matter a little in detail; for the subject is worthy of particular attention, if the position I have taken be a sound one; and if it be not, an examination of the subject in detail may show me and this audience my error.

All useful trades and occupations among men, if properly followed, may exist in the same community without clashing or collision, while many of them sustain a truly fraternal relationship to each other. The wagon-maker, for instance — (*Laughter, and some sensation in the immediate vicinity of the speaker.*) I am inclined to the opinion, Mr. President, from certain indications, that I have some of that class of tradesmen near me. If so, they can understand my argument.

Sir, while the wagon-maker — the worker in wood I now refer to — while he is shaping and putting together the various parts which enter into the construction of a wagon, he is thinking only of executing a valuable piece of work, and receiving for it a valuable consideration; and yet he is doing service to his neighbors. When he has finished his work, the wagon must be ironed; and the blacksmith now gets a good job. He also, while performing his part of the labor, is intent mainly on doing a good piece of work, and receiving for it a valuable consideration; but he, in turn, is preparing work for another;

for now the wagon must be painted. The painter takes his turn; and before the horse can be attached to it, the harness-maker comes in for his share of the labor and the profits. Thus it is, to a greater or less extent, with all useful trades and occupations; they are brothers, and work together harmoniously. But let us see. Does the grog-seller sustain a legitimate relationship to this family of brothers? By no means. His vocation is a perfect Ishmaelite. Its hand is against every man, and every man's hand *should* be against it.

Mr. Chairman, there are now in New England many pleasant villages where there was not a human dwelling fifteen years ago. Where good water power is discovered, villages start up as if by magic. Now, sir, I have enjoyed the opportunity of watching the growth of some of them, from the time when a dam was first thrown across a previously neglected stream, until a beautiful village occupied acres of its banks. I have said the dam is first thrown across; then a factory and workshops go up, with a few boarding-houses for the accommodation of the "help;" and thus the work goes on.

Presently some shrewd carpenter will say to himself, "There must, from the course matters are taking, be a good deal of building done here within the next ten years; and I will be on the ground in season." Sir, he buys a lot, and builds him a workshop, and his neighbors—the few whom he calls such—are pleased that a carpenter is so near them. Next comes a blacksmith; and the sound of his hammer, and the cheerful sparks as they stream up from his chimney top, during the long winter evenings, gladden both the ears and the eyes of his neighbors. Now, sir, does the fact that a blacksmith has established himself in the village afford matter of alarm to the carpenter? Not at all. Here is no clashing of interests. Next comes the cabinet-maker; and still all is peace, although the village is rapidly increasing in population, trade, and consequence. The tinman and stove-dealer, the dry goods merchant, the shoemaker, and the grocer, rapidly succeed each other; and yet there is no clashing of interests. These trades

and occupations are all brethren. At length, in an evil hour, some individual fancies that the new village would be a capital place for a liquor shop, and proceeds to erect one, and furnish it with the usual assortment; and now, sir, it may be said as of old, "Satan came also." Pandora's box has been opened, and hell has got breath in that neighborhood.

In relation to this last accession to the village business and population, can the same be said, in truth, which we were able to declare concerning the other branches of business I have named? Will there be peace longer? Is there no clashing of interests now? Sir, as I have before said, this business will prove a perfect Ishmaelite to every useful occupation in the village and vicinity. But I fancy I hear some one inquire, "Why need the blacksmith, carpenter, tailor, &c., trouble themselves about the dram-shop? They can keep away from it, and it won't trouble them." But, sir, that is a mistake: though they have nothing to do with the vile establishment, it will have to do with them and their interests. It will turn out men drunk, at ten or eleven o'clock at night, now and then, to howl like hyenas through the street, and disturb the sleep of the villagers. Men, made reckless there by the maddening draught, will drive furiously through the streets at noonday, while the children of the villagers are playing abroad, or on their way to, or return from school, endangering their lives, and creating alarm and anxiety in the breasts of parents. But, sir, I am wandering from my proper theme. I was to speak of its warfare with their business.

I have, for many years, improved every opportunity, that came in my way, to learn, from men of different occupations, how this vile system we are examining bears on their particular business; and I may therefore be allowed to say, that I feel some confidence in my ability to present the case truthfully and fairly. Let us introduce some of these tradesmen on the stand, and hear what they will say on the subject. Mr. Blacksmith, are you a sufferer by the rum traffic carried on in your community?

“Sir, you shall judge when I have stated facts of recent occurrence. Some days since, finding it necessary to replenish my stock of iron and steel, and not having funds enough in my pocket to pay the purchase money, I sat down in the evening, and made out bills against a number of my townsmen, whose accounts had been permitted to run for a considerable time. The next day, I took my horse and started on a collecting tour. In many cases, I was successful in getting my money, and in some others, the effort resulted in a failure; and of this latter class of cases I will give you a specimen. I called on Mr. Samuel Swizzle. [*A laugh.*] I did not know but that he was as good as the bank. I knew he did at one time possess considerable property. Well, sir, he could not pay the bill when I presented it; nor could he fix any time when he would pay it. I therefore left him; and as I was leaving the premises, I cast my eye over his buildings, yards, fences, and fields; and all things seemed to have grown old, since I was last in that section of the town. I inquired of a neighbor of his, with whom I also had business, relative to his circumstances; and with an ominous shake of the head, he informed me that he is not now supposed to be worth one cent. So I must lose my bill. And whom have I to thank for such a result? It is not my neighbor the carpenter, nor the cabinet-maker, the tailor, the tinman, the shoemaker, or the schoolmaster. No, sir, it is not all, nor any of these, who have by their influence brought poverty to Swizzle, and loss to me. It is that infernal dram-shop, which stands within half a mile of his door; and which, I am told, he cannot pass without his dram.

“That it is which has brought poverty and misery to his family, and destroyed his ability, as well as his disposition, to pay his honest debts. Sir, is there no hardship in this? Look at the facts. I have burned up coal, which cost me money; and I have worked up my iron and steel in his service. I have many a time made my back ache with stooping to put shoes on his old horse’s heels; and now, I may whistle for my reward. And yet, when I complained of the influence of such

establishments, some days since, and expressed my opinion that they ought not to be tolerated, our neighbor, the tavern-keeper, and some of his satellites, replied, that *I had better mind my own business!*”

Well, Mr. President, what think you of the blacksmith's testimony? I think you must have heard complaints very like his before.

But, Mr. Mahogany, what have you to say against the rum traffic? Does your business suffer from its continuance?

“Suffer! yes. A few weeks since, the wife of Bill Bloater came to my shop, and ordered a case of drawers of a particular and unusual size, to fill a certain niche in one of the chambers of their house. I made it according to order; and, as it was not called for, I dropped a note to the lady, a few days since, informing her that the article was finished, and subject to her order. Well, I received for reply, her husband had decided that the state of their finances forbade such an outlay. Sir, the case of drawers is yet in my shop. Were Bloater to take it, I should never get my pay; and it is of a size and form not often called for, and the probability is, that it must encumber my shop for years, or I must sell it much below cost. This, to a man of much property and extensive business, might seem a trifle, to be sure; but to a man engaged in business on a small scale, as I am, and who has to trust to the labor of his own hands for the bread that is to feed his children, such things are a source of embarrassment.

“Now, sir, the price of the rum that goes daily down Bill Bloater's neck, in yonder grog-shop, would, if saved for two months, pay for that case of drawers. He would be a healthier, more industrious, and more respectable man; his house better furnished, and his wife a happier woman; and I should be rewarded for the honest labor of my hands. There is but little sale for good furniture, sir, in a community of drunkards; and for the sales made it is hard work to get the money. The money seems all to take a different direction—to the till of the dram-shop, the little village hell!”

Mr. President, what think you of the case of the cabinet-maker? Has he not made out another case be'de the case of drawers? Sir, a few years since, while laboring in the service of the Massachusetts Temperance Union, I had occasion to visit the south-eastern portion of the state. The particular place I have forgotten. I accordingly took my seat on the stage box, beside a very intelligent driver; and, in the course of our journey, we fell into conversation on this subject. "Well," said I, "driver, I have repeatedly asserted that the traffic in strong drink wages a warfare upon all useful trades and occupations in community; and now please inform me if your occupation be an exception." "I should think you might be sure it was not," said he, "without asking such a question." "But," said I, "you understand your own business better than I can be supposed to, and I want to hear your explanations of the matter." He paused for a moment, as if taking breath for an extra effort, and then, with considerable warmth, replied, —

"Intemperance is the greatest source of embarrassment which I have to encounter in my business. It is worse than muddy roads, or bad horses; for the mud lasts but a portion of the year, and bad horses I can trade off or give to the crows; but this curse of rum sticks to us the year round." "Be a little more precise," said I, "for I want to know the particular ways in which you suffer by it." He resumed: "When my hour comes to leave the city, or rather a little while before, I drive out and pick up my passengers from various parts of the city, that I may be ready to start at the precise moment advertised; and often it happens that just as I am about to start, a fellow comes up and inquires, 'Is this the — hic — Bridge — water — stage?' 'Yes.' Well, I'd like — to — like to — hic — take a ride — hic — with ye.' Now, sir, what can I do in such a case? I do not wish to carry men in that condition. It does not pay cost. But I know that man, perhaps; I know his family; and I know that if he does not reach his home when expected, his wife, and perhaps his children, will pass a sleepless night on account

of the absence of that husband and father. They will be filled with deep anxiety, and, to save that family a night of painful suspense and watchfulness, and to save him, perhaps, from the disgrace of a night in the watch-house, or a death in the street, I undertake to get him home. To put him into the coach in company with ladies and gentlemen will not answer, and so I take him on outside, if I can get him up. There he is a source of continual vexation. To keep him from tumbling off, often requires much care; and where there is no particular danger of that, he will be almost constantly whistling or screaming at my horses, even while I am endeavoring to guide them safely and slowly down some steep hill, or over a rough and dangerous part of the road. Not long since, I was thus plagued with an intoxicated man, whom I was trying to convey to his home in Plymouth county. All my scolding and threats would scarcely keep him quiet for three minutes at a time. At length, however, he bent his drunken head and shoulders over the iron railing which surrounds the top of the coach: he was sitting on the upper seat, and I began to comfort myself with the notion that I should have no further trouble with him. But I was mistaken. True, he kept quiet until we reached the place where he was to stop, and then I discovered what had happened during his period of quietness. He had, in reclining on the top of the coach, thrust his elbow through the cover of a bandbox, which contained a new and costly bonnet, and, over the last few miles of our ride, at every jolt, that elbow was grinding the beautiful bonnet to shreds. It was completely spoiled. I saw at once what must be done. I made the lady who owned the bonnet acquainted with the disaster, inquired its price, and paid over my hard-earned money to repair the damages done by that drunken booby. The grog-seller in the city had made his shilling, perhaps, by setting the cause in operation. It cost *me* much vexation and more than five dollars cash to repair the damages."

"Well driver," said I, "when I charge the rum traffic with waging a warfare on all useful occupations, I shall make no exception of your business."

Mr. President, go and converse with the barber, whose services we sometimes find quite necessary, and he will tell you that, even in his humble occupation, he is made to feel the evil effects of this system. Some persons, he will inform you, occasionally throw themselves into his chair, and present him such a piece of work to perform as is absolutely appalling; that he had rather shave three smooth-faced men, or those whose faces had been rendered unsmooth by the hand of time, than a face covered with toddy-blossoms — a countenance all on fire, kindled by the flame that is burning within — one that perfectly answers the description of Bardolph's by Falstaff, "an everlasting bonfire," and he will tell you that the odor from the lungs of a drunkard bears but a very slight resemblance to that of a rose. I repeat, that every man in community engaged in any honest business, from him who occupies the sacred desk to the lad who blacks our boots in the hotel, has abundant occasion to execrate this system. The former would tell you that strong drink hardens the hearts of men, and renders them callous to good impressions; and the last will complain that men who have business on both sides of the street dirty their boots much worse than sober men. Yet we must not complain!

But, Mr. President, allow me to direct your attention, and that of my fellow-citizens before me, to the operation of this system on the business of the medical profession. And, sir, on that subject I can speak feelingly, for I spent eleven years of my life in the practice of that profession, and during that period I was many times made to feel, and keenly feel, the cruelty and injustice of the system, to the annihilation of which I would direct the efforts of my countrymen. Many men, who were the slaves of the rum-seller and their own unnatural appetites, I was compelled to serve, without reward, by day and by night, in storm and fair weather, for six or seven years. I say *compelled*, for a physician may not refuse, as may other men, if they be not rewarded. The merchant, farmer, or mechanic may refuse to give a drunkard credit for the goods he

may wish to purchase, but it will not do for the physician to refuse to attend his family, if they be sick, though he may not have the slightest prospect of reward. If his own humanity did not compel him, public opinion would. Yes, sir, we must go and serve the sick wife or child of the drunkard, when the call comes, although we know, before we take one step, that we shall never receive one cent for the service of past years, or that which we are now called upon to perform; and I can assure my auditors that I have often been made to feel any thing but amiable by the pressure of such a dire necessity. Often, when worn and wearied by professional labor, anxiety, and long watchings in the sick room, and when it would seem almost impossible to keep my eyes open for another hour, when I would cheerfully have given a five dollar bill for assurance of a quiet night's sleep, I have thrown myself down on my couch, and, just as I was going off into a comfortable oblivion of thought and care, I have been aroused by the rap, rap, rap on my door, and the "Halloo, doctor! turn out!" Well, sir, I pull my eyes open with a desperate effort, and, but half alive, as it were, find my way to the door. "Halloo here! what is wanted?" "Why, doctor, I want you to go and see my little boy. He is severely sick, and I am afraid he won't live till morning." "Your boy sick? Let me see. Who are you? I do not recognize your voice, and it is so dark I cannot see your person." "Why, doctor, it is Mr. so and so." "Ah, yes, I know you." And, Mr. Chairman, I have more than once uttered, in an under tone, "I know you too well, much better than I could wish." I go, sir, and serve the family; and what is my reward? *The privilege of going again*, when there shall come such a night as that in which Tam O'Shanter parted with Souter Johnny and the grog-shop, and, rendered courageous by John Barleycorn, —

"Skelpit on, through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire," —

knowing that every cent of money *such* patrons might receive

they would be sure to spend at the dram-shop. I have sometimes tried to get one of the class to labor for me,—to saw some wood at my door, dress my garden, or assist in securing a crop of hay. How could he refuse? Sir, he had a way to do it. He would begin to declare how sensible he was of the obligation I had laid him under, how glad he should be to come and help me, &c. ; and, sir, by the time he had arrived at that point, I always knew what was coming. He was about to inform me that he was *engaged*. Such chaps were always “engaged” when I needed their service. Yet they were always ready to work for the rum-seller. They were not engaged when he called. No matter how unpleasant the service he wished them to perform, he had but to whistle, and show them the rum-bottle, and the poor slaves would roll up their ragged sleeves and pitch into it, as the sailors say, “with a will.” [*Laughter, and an exclamation, “That’s a fact.”*] But the man who had been called again and again to watch by the bedside of a poor, feeble, heart-broken, care-worn wife or a sick and suffering child, and administer to their necessities through a long and tedious illness, who for years must wear out carriage, harness, horse, and his own power of endurance, in the service of the public,—when *he* wants help, such fellows are always “engaged.” And yet, sir, we must submit to such vile injustice; and if we lift a finger to remove the causes of it, we must be told “that we had better mind our own business.” We must submit to be deprived of the reward of honest and hard service, to have our pockets picked by this infernal system, and yet be denied the poor privilege of complaining.

Mr. President, and fellow-citizens, is not that pushing the joke a little too far? Is it not adding insult to injury? But, sir, the mischievous influence of the traffic in intoxicating poison is not confined to the classes I have named. Go to a manufacturer, and inquire relative to the influence of a dram-shop or rum-tavern upon the business in which he is engaged, and he will tell you a story of embarrassment in his business, of injury to his workmen and their families, of wrong and

outrage, which will make your blood boil while you listen. Go, sir, to the hard-working farmer, and he will tell you that not only is he taxed to support paupers, and to secure and punish criminals, made such by this vile traffic, but that a constant drain is thereby made on his purse and goods in the way of private charities. This traffic surrounds him with the poor and the suffering. He cannot close his eyes to their necessities, or shut up his compassion from them. One day a little boy comes in, with downcast look and tattered garments, and informs Mr. — that “mother wants to get a peck of potatoes; that father has been gone from home for two or three days, and their potatoes are quite gone.” Now, what is the man to do? He has really no potatoes to spare. He would not sell potatoes for the money, for he thinks he shall not have enough to supply his table for the winter and plant his fields in the spring. But what is he to do? There stands the little sufferer, who may have to go to his bed supperless if the potatoes are denied. He cannot turn the child away empty. I thank God that such inhumanity is not often found among the hard-handed but warm-hearted men who till the soil. The potatoes are sent; and, before the close of the week, a little girl comes to borrow some meal. It is lent, although the good farmer’s wife well knows that, in all probability, as much will never be returned. Thus it is and ever must be, sir, where this infamous business is tolerated. The men of the sea complain of it. Gentlemen of the highest respectability, sea captains who have spent a large portion of their lives on the water, assure me that more cases of mutiny and insubordination on shipboard have been produced by intoxicating drinks than by all other causes put together. And yet there stands the grog-shop, drawing its support from the pockets of honest, hard-laboring men, and embarrassing every useful and honorable business — a regular piratical concern, which has thrust itself into community among useful trades and occupations, got itself acknowledged, for a while, as a decent and laudable business, and reenacted the part of the “lean kine” and the

“blasted ears” of Pharaoh’s dream. With such facts as I have presented staring community in the face on every hand, it is indeed lamentable to observe how exceedingly ignorant many are content to remain of the actual practical influence of the traffic in strong liquors upon the very business in which themselves are engaged.

Some few years since, while laboring in the city of Boston, under the joint direction of the state and city temperance societies, and while in consultation with the executive committees of those associations, I heard some one remark that the treasury of the society was almost or quite empty—a common complaint of temperance treasuries, Mr. President. “Well,” said I, “gentlemen, give me your subscription book, and proper authority, and I will go abroad to-morrow among your fellow-citizens, and get you some money.” “That would be quite too bad,” said one gentleman, “to subject you to the necessity of public speaking evenings, and begging during the hours of the day.” “Nevertheless, it is honest,” I replied, “and I am willing to perform any kind of service for the temperance cause which a man may, and not do violence to his conscience.” Perceiving that I was quite in earnest in what I had proposed, they consented, and the book was put into my possession. One gentleman remarked that I should need a list of the names of such as would be likely to aid the object for which I was about to solicit. “Never mind that,” I replied; “I shall find out who are friendly. I intend to take the places of business, on the streets I shall visit, in course, and if I happen to drop in upon those not friendly to the enterprise, I will endeavor to make them so.” Well, sir, the following morning I commenced my labor at the head of Washington Street, and I assure you I found some rich pickings during the day. For a few doors, it happened, for my encouragement, that I met only with friends of the cause, who were ready to acknowledge and to discharge their obligations. At length, I called in at a hat store on the corner of Washington Street and Cornhill. With one of my best bows,—and *they* are

not very genteel, — I presented the object of my visit. A very fine-looking young fellow, who seemed to be principal of the establishment, replied, rather coldly, that he was not aware of having any particular interest in the subject, and he had nothing to give for the object stated. "What, sir," said I, with an expression of surprise, "did I understand you to say that you were not aware of having any interest in the subject I have presented?" "Yes," he very calmly replied, "that was what I said." "Well, sir," said I, "I regret to hear such a remark from you, as it affords me sad evidence that you do not understand your own business." That was pushing plainness of speech almost to the edge of impudence, I confess; but you must jog men's elbows hard, sometimes, before you can set them at thinking. A little heated by my bluntness, he remarked, with most provoking politeness, that if I supposed myself better acquainted with his business than he was himself, he should be most happy to take a few lessons of me. "I have no doubt I do in this matter," I replied, "and, if you please, I will proceed to instruct you forthwith." This I uttered with the utmost seriousness; but the seeming impudence of it carried the gentleman quite beyond the point of irritation, and excited his bump of mirthfulness. He laughed in my face.

The following dialogue then took place between us. "Sir, you deal in hats, and intend to make a little money on every hat you sell." "Yes." "Whatever sends additional customers to your counter, and increases their ability to purchase, promotes your interest, does it not?" "Certainly." "Whatever destroys men's ability to purchase, and makes them content to wear old, worn-out hats, does your craft an injury, does it not?" "Very true." "Well, sir, if you and I were to walk out for an hour or two, through the streets and lanes, and along the wharves of the city, we should see scores of men with old, miserable, slouched hats on their heads — hats which ought, years ago, to have been thrown into the dock or the fire. Now, sir, what hinders those men, that they do not condemn the old head-dress, and walk up to your counter and purchase

a hat from your excellent and extensive assortment ? ” “ That,” he replied, “ is not a difficult question to answer. The men are too poor ; they have not the money to spare, I suppose.” “ Very true, sir. But, if you please, step a little behind their present poverty, and tell me what, in your opinion, made the mass of them so poor that they cannot buy a decent hat ; and has so far crushed their self-respect, that they are content to sport old concerns, whose rims have been torn half off, and whose crowns flap up and down as they walk, like the air-valve of a blacksmith’s bellows.” “ Well, I do not ——” “ Hold ! ” I exclaimed ; “ do not, I beg of you, say you do not know ; but think one minute.” He again broke forth in laughter, and at length replied, “ Well, sir, if you must have it, *I suppose it was the work of rum.*” “ Exactly so, sir. I thought you would see the subject in its right light, with a very little assistance and reflection ; and now, do you not begin to discover, sir, that you made a mistake, when you asserted, a few moments since, that you had no interest in the subject of temperance ? There are thousands of poor toppers and tipplers in this city, who expend every cent they get, beyond what purchases the bread that feeds them, at the dram-shops ; and you will never get any patronage from them unless they become sober men. But, sir, let one of them go up to Washingtonian Hall, sign the temperance pledge, take the good counsel which will there be given him, and live up to the principle and practice of total abstinence, and he will not wear the old slouched hat eight weeks. The change in his habits will be discovered by his acquaintances ; and some friend who has known him from a boy here, or who came from the same part of the country, and has observed his downward course with deep regret, will, now that the good work of reformation has begun, feel a strong desire to strengthen his good resolutions, and encourage him in well-doing. If *he* cannot command means to improve his dress, means will be furnished by some such friend. He will go to some of your excellent clothing stores, and get new garments, and then walk up to your store perhaps, and purchase

a new hat. You will put the profit of the trade in your pocket — gains which you would never have received, but for the temperance efforts of some of your fellow-citizens. And, when I call on you as an humble servant of the cause, and ask you for a trifle to aid in carrying forward the work, you will, perhaps give me the cold shoulder, and tell me *you are not aware of having any interest in the subject.*”

Mr. President, feeble as was his assailant, the man was conquered. He saw the mistake he had made, and his hand found the way to his pocket with amazing rapidity. He handed me a dollar, and remarked, “Sir, I never saw the subject before in the light you have presented it.” But why had he failed to do so? The facts were all before his eyes, as well as mine. Sir, he had not given the subject sufficient consideration to be able to see the direct influence of the traffic and use of strong drinks on the business in which he was engaged.

And thus it is, sir, with thousands. They have eyes sharp enough to discover how their business is likely to be affected by tariffs and railroad improvements; by changes in our commercial policy, or the state of Europe; by the failure of the crops, or the discovery of gold mines on the other side of the continent. But they do not see, that a vile system, directly in their midst, a branch of business carried on within a stone’s cast of their doors, is taxing them more heavily, and eating larger holes into the very roots of their prosperity, than any other evil which curses community.

And it is because the business men of community do not investigate this subject, to learn the bearings of the rum traffic on the particular business in which they are engaged, that I, as an humble advocate of the temperance reform, have felt called upon, of late, to press on the attention of those who have listened to me the particular branch of the subject to which I have invited your attention this evening. I know it may be said, that in the view of the subject I have been laboring to present, the appeal is not made to men’s benevolence, but to their selfishness. Very true. But, nevertheless, if an intelligent

view of the vile injustice of the liquor traffic, and its injurious effect on the pecuniary interests of men, shall have the effect to direct their efforts against the system of which I complain, until it shall be annihilated, the *ends* of benevolence and humanity will have been secured. But, sir, to return from this digression to our proper subject.

I demand, in the name and behalf of all useful occupations among men, that this nuisance of the rum traffic be abated. There is no place for it in the social system among that brotherhood of trades and branches of business which exist for the supply of our natural wants. What does the grog-seller furnish to the list of valuable commodities? Sir, he is a producer, beyond dispute. No one will presume to question that he is a manufacturer. But what does he produce? What is the manufactured article with which he proposes to bless his fellow-men? It is, when finished, the thing called *drunkard*. He builds or leases a shop, furnishes it with all necessary apparatus—demijohns, decanters, glasses, and toddy-sticks—with villanous mixtures of various strength and complexion, and then commences operations. He takes the raw material, which he is about to operate upon, from the happy homes of his fellow-citizens, and, after passing it through a variety of operations, he turns off the manufactured article,—*a drunkard*! Sir, I am not surprised that such manufacturers are ashamed of their work when it is finished. The branch of business they follow is, I believe, the only one carried on in Connecticut which turns off a manufactured article worth less than the raw material. Sir, I repeat that I am not surprised they are ashamed of their work—that they do not wish the credit of the job. The blacksmith takes a bar of iron, heats it at his forge, and, upon his anvil, gives it another form, and we have a horseshoe. The shoe is, when finished, worth more than the iron of which it was made. That man need not be ashamed of his work. So the shoemaker takes into his hands some bits of leather, and, employing his skill upon them, he, in a short time, turns you off a pair of shoes or boots—articles

worth much more than the raw material of which they were fashioned. So with every useful trade. The cotton cloth which is brought from the mill is worth much more than the cotton when carried there in the bale. Not so with certain other manufacturing establishments of Bloomfield. The raw material is rendered less valuable at every successive step in the process of transformation ; and when their work is done, as I have before hinted, they are ashamed of it. Go into a village in which there are but two grog-selling establishments, all told, and if you shall find a man drunk in the public streets, it is not one time in ten that you can find a citizen who will acknowledge he sold him the liquor. Go to Mr. Rum-seller No. 1, and ask, " Sir, have you furnished Mr. A. B., who lies out here by the street side, with strong drink to-day ? " He will answer in the negative. Point his neighbor, Grog-seller No. 2, to the prostrate form of that fellow-being, and ask if that be a specimen of his handicraft, and he will declare to you, perhaps, that the individual has not been to his place of business for a week. And yet you know that the man must have obtained the poison at one of those establishments. There are no others of the kind in the village. The man came in sober, and you know he did not bring rum with him, for if he had, he would have been drunk when he reached the village. Here now has been a piece of work done which none will acknowledge. Nor can we wonder

Nineteen times in twenty, the men who will now engage in a business producing such results will speak falsely in relation to any matter connected with it, if the utterance of truth might subject them to censure or punishment. How different is the course pursued by men who are engaged in useful and honest employments ! I have noticed that most of our manufacturers seem quite proud of their work. They send out their goods with their own proper name attached to them. They label, number, and box them up in good style ; and you may generally learn, by looking at a package of goods in Chicago or St. Louis, at which of our New England villages they were

produced, and even the particular name of the manufacturer. But, sir, our rum-sellers do not mark their goods ; they — O, I am wrong — they do put their *mark* on them, but do not add their names. They label their goods so that they are easily distinguishable from all others ; but they do not box them up for the market, for they are not salable commodities. Their goods *are* boxed up, but it is done at the public expense. Some of the results of their labor and skill you will find in the jails ; some in the state prisons ; some in our almshouses and hospitals ; and some in smaller boxes, which are immediately deposited in the earth ; and, sir, community has to pay for the boxing—every nail and every screw. They make their gains by spoiling the raw material, and not by improvements made upon it.

Whenever I could do so, consistently with other engagements, I have been present at the Mechanics' Fairs in Boston and in New York, for it affords me great pleasure to witness the progress of the mechanic arts, and to obtain the evidence which such occasions furnish of the increasing skill and ingenuity of my countrymen. I walk through the halls of exhibition with great pleasure, and I see almost every class of manufacturers there, with specimens of their goods, their work ; and with evident pride they arrange them before the judges, and demand a premium. But, sir, among all classes who have thus presented the products of their labor and skill, and demanded premiums, I have never met there a *drunkard-maker* ; and yet, sir, a grog-seller could undoubtedly bring in some pretty strongly-marked specimens — some which, I doubt not, would attract more attention than any patent corn-sheller or shingle machine which has appeared at the Fairs for the last ten years. But, sir, they do not take their work to the Fair, and for the best of reasons : they spoil the raw material ; and O, sir, what a material to spoil ! If it were iron, wood, leather, cotton, or any other material which has no feeling, no intelligence, no gentle affection, no soul, or responsibilities, we could more easily forgive them for the wrong they are doing ; but they

take our young men, the hope and pride of their parents, the expectation and glory of the state, immortal beings, made in the image of God, and gifted with wonderful powers, and, after passing them through a variety of operations and influences, they turn them out poor, miserable, filthy, drivelling drunkards. They see the mischief and misery they are producing, and yet they go on as if they were blessing their fellow-men.

But, sir, I must draw these remarks to a close, for I perceive the evening is far spent. The view of the subject I have presented is not, by any means, the highest we should take of this great question now at issue between the friends of temperance and those who oppose their influence. The direct effects of the baneful system I am condemning is to disease the bodies, debase the intellects, deprave the morals, alienate or crush the social affections, and finally destroy the lives and souls of men ; and these results have claims on our consideration infinitely stronger than any matter of dollars and cents ; and yet no view of this giant curse of our country would be complete, as it seems to me, which did not embrace *the warfare of the traffic in intoxicating drinks on useful trades and occupations, and the palpable violation of the eternal principles of right and justice involved in its continuance*. God grant that, by such instrumentalities as it may please him to employ and to bless, that traffic may speedily be brought to a perpetual end.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EVIL OF INTEMPERANCE, AS SEEN IN ITS EFFECTS ON COMMUNITIES, STATES, AND NATIONS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT MANCHESTER, CONNECTICUT,
DECEMBER 31, 1848.

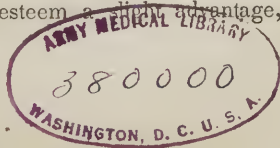
REPORTED PHONOGRAPHICALLY, BY H. E. ROCKWELL.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

THOSE who are engaged in the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and many others, who, with them, labor to sustain and perpetuate it, often complain that the friends of temperance, in their efforts to promote the enterprise in which they are engaged, misrepresent the character of that traffic; that they do not keep themselves within the bounds of truth, but make exaggerated statements; and that, in their denunciations of the traffic, they use language unwarrantably harsh, &c. That individuals have, in connection with this subject, as well as all others, sometimes uttered what was not strictly true, or warranted by the facts in the case, I have no doubt; but the very nature of the subject will, as it seems to me, forever preclude the possibility of any very grievous error, on our part, of the character complained of. When we have thoroughly explored the language used among us, grouped together its strongest terms, and, with all the ingenuity and skill with which any man ever employed language, have endeavored to express the injustice and vileness of that traffic, and to describe the hor-

rible results of it on all the great interests of society and man, we shall have fallen infinitely below the reality. All we can hope to do is, from time to time, to present partieuilar aspects of this giant curse of the world — to roll it round, as it were, and present to the gaze of an injured and suffering community one of its phases to-day, another to-morrow, and so on. It is only by looking at detached portions or particular points of this Aeeldama that we shall ever be able to form any tolerable estimate of the dreadful whole. We can make no approach to a proper understanding of the subject in any other way. It was never given to mortal man to take in at one view all the features of this terrible curse. An angel from heaven could not do it. The most exalted of ereated beings, if on earth, and permitted to see all that might be seen in connection with the curse of intemperance, could not, with the exereise of his angelic powers, portray to the mind all which should be added to make the picture complete. The infinite mind and eternity can alone unfold the whole truth. Nor would it be desirable to give utteranee to the whole truth, did we possess the power ; for if such portions of it as we may and can present will not excite men to detest and abhor the system which produes such havoe with whatever is saered or dear to our race, we may well despair of moving them by any considerations drawn from heaven, earth, or hell. I would not, if I possessed the power, present to the minds of those whom I now address a full view of all the results of the rum traffic which have oecurred in this town of Manchester for the last twenty years. It would subject many of those before me to absolute torture. It would overwhelm their sensibilities, and drive them to madness. And yet we are charged with exaggeration, with presenting a distorted view of the subject. But, sir, so far from the truth are such charges, that, for one, I confess that I am often surprised that men can talk so coolly in relation to the matter, and that they can content themselves with such meagre and imperfect views of the subject as many seem to entertain. Why is it that the mass of the citizens of this town remain so uncon-

cerned and inactive in relation to this subject? I believe that it is because they have formed, as yet, no just conception of the magnitude of the evil; and I have little hope of being able to induce many of your citizens to take hold of the work of reform in earnest, unless we can succeed in impressing their minds with sounder views of the subject. You cannot persuade a sane and sensible man to wield a sledge-hammer of twenty pounds' weight to knock in the head a mouse which may have been caught in his cupboard. Put such an instrument in his hand, for such a purpose, and he will laugh at your folly. But let him be placed in a room beside a sleeping but unchained tiger, and let him distinctly understand that there is no safety for him but in the destruction of the animal, and he will not think your sledge-hammer too heavy. On the contrary, he will concentrate whatever physical power he may possess in a single blow, and when the sledge shall come in contact with the head of the beast, it will not be surprising if it should disturb, at once, his slumbers and his recollection of past events. Employ an individual to pump the water out of your well, if you shall find it necessary to do so, and contract to pay him a dollar a day and his board; and, although he may toil through the day, it is doubtful whether, at any particular time, he will move the pump break so rapidly that you shall be unable to count the strokes, and you may even have cause to think him a little wanting in energy. Now, put that same individual on board a ship, and let him be informed by the officers that the ship has sprung a leak, and is fast settling into the water, and that, if they succeed in keeping her afloat for a certain length of time, they may be able, by the help of their sails, to reach the shore, and that otherwise they must all go to the bottom together;—under such circumstances, station that man at the pump, and, though he be, by nature, the most lazy fellow in Manchester, he will work, and that with energy. He will move that pump brake as though he was working by the job. And this is natural enough. Men do not put forth all their powers to obtain what they esteem a slight advantage, or to



avoid some slight evil. Their efforts generally bear proportion to their estimate of the good to be obtained, or the evil to be avoided.

Hence the feeble efforts put forth by many who profess attachment to the temperance cause; and hence their readiness to discontinue their efforts, whenever difficulties or obstacles present themselves.

When such men as Edwards, Sargent, and Pierpont, who have investigated this subject carefully and thoroughly, give utterance to their convictions of the truth concerning it, you are startled, and sometimes half inclined to conclude that a generous enthusiasm carries such men into the region of extravagance, and that they draw largely on their imagination, when they are merely stating the result of their actual investigations, and the conclusion which sound logic has drawn from the facts before them. I shall not soon forget the astonishment depicted in many countenances, when John Pierpont uttered, before a congregation of the people of Worcester, the following great truth: "Fellow-citizens, there must be no compromise with this dreadful enemy. We must kill *it*, or *it* will kill some of us, or our dear children." This was uttered, to be sure, in the most impressive manner imaginable. But what was there in the sentiment to excite surprise in any individual who had studied the subject, or had his eyes fully open to see what was passing in the world around him? Absolutely nothing.

When lived there a generation of men, in any civilized land under heaven, of which a very considerable portion was not, by the system we are considering, doomed to all the miseries of a drunkard's life, and to all the hopelessness and infamy of a drunkard's death? It will be found a difficult matter, I apprehend, to put a man to sleep over this evil who has taken its gauge and dimensions. Hence, in my public discourses, and with my pen, I have enjoined it upon those I have labored to enlist in the temperance enterprise, not only to observe closely the practical workings of the rum traffic in their particular

communities, and to reflect long and earnestly upon them, but also to read much on the subject, and thus enlarge and correct their own views of it, and be better prepared to perform intelligently and energetically the duties which may devolve upon them in connection with it. But I am devoting too large a portion of our time to preliminaries, and will hasten to the consideration of the subject I have selected for this evening's discourse — the characteristics of the evil of intemperance, or those features which distinguish it from other evils afflicting community, and which may claim for it the appellation of *the giant curse of the civilized world!*

The curse of intemperance was peculiar in its origin. After God had cleansed the earth from its pollution by the deluge, drunkenness was the first sin committed, of which we have account in the sacred record. The part which Satan had acted before the flood, the intoxicating cup reenacted afterward; which very naturally suggests a relationship between those two agencies. For myself, I believe they are much nearer related than second cousins. They are both insidious in their attacks — obtain their influence over men by large promises of good — while they bestow evils incalculable. They have both promised to make men like gods, by large accessions to their wisdom; and yet both have taught us only evil.

If I were disposed to run the parallel further, I might suggest, that the animal into whom Satan originally entered, for the purpose of accomplishing his work of death, bears, in some of his attitudes, a striking resemblance to the worm of the still. I will not, however, waste our time, and exhaust your patience by further speculations in that line, remarking, merely, before we take our leave of this topic, that, in my opinion, the history of the first vineyard and its products is eminently calculated to afford mankind more instruction than they seem to have derived from it. With my view of the subject, I would as soon plant my acres with nice cuttings of the Bohon Upas, as with the vine, if the products of my vineyard were to be employed in the production of fermented wines. May God, in great mercy,

send blasting and mildew on the products of every acre of American soil, which shall be devoted to the production of intoxicating wines, to be employed as a beverage by our countrymen. O, let them cultivate, at great expense, if they will, thorns and thistles, briars and brambles ; and let the thick growth of these, with all noxious and hurtful weeds, be the chosen home of asps and scorpions, of vipers, tarantulas, and the deadly rattlesnake ; and then send your children to it as a playground, rather than train them to the habit of lifting the intoxicating cup, which has cursed the earth with drunkenness and its woes since the days of Noah, and which will continue to curse it while the fiery products of the still, or fermented and intoxicating wines, shall be used as a beverage by our fellow-men.

Another striking peculiarity of the evil of intemperance, is its *universality*.

Visit any portion of the civilized world, and inquire after the causes of poverty, degradation, and crime, and you will find the employment of unnatural stimulants to be among the earliest and most fruitful. Opium, arrack, and vile drugs, with the names of which I am not familiar, constitute the giant curse of China, whose civilization is of rather a questionable character. The various kinds of distilled spirits, and that vile compound, ale, or strong beer, is a heavier curse to England than her national debt ; and whiskey has proved a worse poison to Ireland than English rule. Not a nation in Europe but is groaning under the curse imposed by the fermenting vat and the still. If we withdraw our gaze from the old world, and fix it on the new, we see, in every part of our continent, the ravages of this terrible destroyer.

As no civilized land escapes this plague, so no *part* of any land escapes. Other evils which at times afflict us sorely are confined to particular portions of the country. While pestilence or storms, drought or frost, or such a failure of the crops from any cause as shall produce famine, are generally confined to particular sections, or portions of the land, the

curse of intemperance claims every acre as its own. East, west, north, and south, must each contribute to swell the catalogue of its victims and the history of its woes.

Storms may baffle the skill or defy the power of our seamen, and make sad havoc with our commerce ; but while the noble ship is going to pieces on the rocks of our hard New England coast, and men and merchandise are by every surge consigned to destruction, the good people, ten miles in the interior, are, it may be, sleeping in safety in their beds, or pursuing, without interruption, their ordinary avocations. The storm does not assail their immediate interests, or threaten their lives. But this curse of intemperance scatters its wrecks as well over the interior as on the coast. The dreaded cholera may spread consternation and death over one part of our land, while other portions are permitted to escape ; but the curse of strong drink, more fatal and terrible than cholera, leaves no nook or corner uncursed by its visitations.

Again, most other evils, even those which claim and receive much consideration, are in their results confined to one or more of the interests of society ; while the curse of intemperance lays its hand on them all. Frost may cut off the hopes of the farmer, while his neighbor, the manufacturer, who sends the largest part of his goods, and draws most of his supplies, from some distant market, does not materially suffer ; and drought, while it may injure agriculture, and, if long continued, reach the manufacturing interest, cannot directly reach commerce. The good ship, on her way across the ocean, does not lack for water, though not enough has fallen on shore to refresh the thirsty earth, or move the wheels of the manufacturer. The educational interests are not immediately affected by the drought, nor is domestic happiness, or the public morals. None of these, however, escape the awful scourge of intemperance. Yet men, who can with deep interest read column after column of our public journals, filled with accounts of the effects of droughts, frost, or storms, will throw down, with exclamations of anger or disgust, a paper which shall have half as much

space in its columns devoted to the consideration of this universal, all-pervading curse. Why is this? Evidently because such individuals do not properly estimate the relative importance of those different matters which are, from time to time, pressed on their attention.

Before taking leave of this branch of our subject, I must be allowed briefly to reply to an objection which has frequently been urged against the view I have just presented. "How can it be possible," says the objector, "that so small a matter as the choice of our beverages can affect all the interests of society?" "You make too much of a glass of gin," said one individual to me, a short time since. And he added, "To attribute to causes so slight such widely extended and terrible results is unphilosophical." So it must undoubtedly appear to those who will not take time to reflect upon the subject. Before, however, we can measure or estimate the potency of any cause, whether to produce good or evil, we must know how or through what channel it is to operate, or what is the nature of the material on which its power is to be exerted. A spark of fire will be powerless if dropped into the ocean; but let it fall into the powder magazine of a man-of-war and its results will be of a character not to be sneered at. A half pint of brandy, if poured on the deck of a vessel, will do no harm, but place it in the stomach of the man who holds the helm, and it may send that vessel on the rocks, and every soul on board into eternity, in an hour.

I some time since employed, in one of my discourses on this subject, an illustration which, though quite homely, served my purpose to convey more clearly than I had otherwise been able to do, my view of this particular subject. I said, we will think of a community, for a moment, as a great wheel, of which man is the hub or central point, and the various interests of society so many spokes, united to and emanating from the centre or hub. Each individual present may, for the moment, fancy himself at the very centre of the social machinery, and, with a sort of propriety, declare that all its interests exist for him. Agriculture exists for *me*, to supply *me* with food; the man-

ufacturing interests have been originated, and thus far perfected, for *my* benefit or accommodation — to supply *me* with shelter, clothing, and implements wherewith to labor. They put a hat on my head, and shoes on my feet ; they provide me a watch, a pocket-knife, and a pencil, with a thousand other conveniences. Commerce exists for me ; and although I may not, in the popular sense, own stock in that noble ship which is speeding her way across the ocean, yet, in another and important sense, I have an interest in that ship. She is going on a voyage for me ; to bring to my table the fruits of the tropics, perhaps, and thus increase the variety and richness of my food, or otherwise to contribute to my means of enjoyment or improvement. I repeat, then, individual man may be considered as the very hub of the wheel, and the various interests of society as its spokes, while that connection, more or less direct, which all the interests of society sustain to each other, constitute the rim of our wheel, and complete the social fabric. Man being the hub, there shoots forth in this direction one important spoke : and what is that ? Agriculture. Here is another — the manufacturing interests. The third in the circle may be the commercial interests, if you please ; the fourth, the educational interests ; the fifth, the religious interest of men ; the sixth, the social relations growing out of the social affections ; and so on. These all have a connection with each other, more or less direct ; and this connection shall, if you please, put on the rim of our wheel, and complete the circle.

Now, the point to which I wish particularly to direct your attention, is the different ways in which injurious influences affect the great social wheel or circle, of which man is the centre. Most of those evils reach man by first attacking one of his interests. Frost may affect the farmer injuriously. But consider how. While it is destroying his crops, he is quietly sleeping in his bed. It does not directly attack his person, his body, his intellect, or his social affections. It reaches him through one of his interests. It comes in to him at the centre, from without, and through the agricultural spoke.

The man who owns stock in some vessel may be severely injured by a storm ; and yet it does not beat on him. He is sitting secure by his own hearth, perhaps, while that noble ship, containing his treasures, is going to pieces on the rocks. He feels not, at once, the injurious influence, and it may be a week or two before he learns that he has been injured by the storm. At length, however, he is made unhappy by the influence of that storm. It reaches him through the commercial spoke of the great social wheel.

Thus it is that most of the evils which afflict us reach us from without, through the channel of some single interest ; and such evils may be endured, because they do not directly assail all our hopes at once. The farmer, who has lost his corn crop by an early frost, has not had his social affections frozen. His attachment to wife, children, and friends has not lessened or loosened. His children will not be hindered from going to school to-day by the frost of last night ; nor will he be prevented, on the morrow, from going to the house of God with his Christian friends, and, with acceptance and delight, engaging in the worship of his Father in heaven. The evil is tolerable, for it has struck but one spoke of the wheel. Look now, for a moment, at the giant curse of the world. How does it reach those most injuriously affected by it ? Does it come in from without, toward the centre — man ? No, sir : on the contrary, it lays its hand at once on *man*, standing there at the centre of that circle of interests, the very hub of the wheel, and, by diseasing his body, clouding his intellect, alienating or crushing his social affections, and depraving his moral nature, it loosens and deranges every spoke in the wheel. Agriculture, commerce, the manufacturing interest, education, religion, and social happiness, all feel the blow ; for these depend not mainly, for their perfection, on the state of the weather, or other external circumstances, but rather on the healthy condition of the powers, faculties, and affections of men.

Mr. President, we may learn a little wisdom as to the rel-

ative importance of injurious influences, which attack the surface of things, as it were, or a central point of influence and power, by turning our eyes in almost any direction, and with a few moments' observation and reflection. It is a less evil to the country if the postmaster of this town be a vile man, than if the postmaster-general be a rogue or a dunce; for the latter stands at the centre of an extensive circle. It is a greater calamity if the engine or a main shaft of a steam-boat shall give way, when she is running close on a lee shore, than if she break a float from one of her paddle wheels. Go to the shop of a wheelwright or carriage-maker, and you may see some good farmer roll into his door a wheel, and inquire, with considerable interest, whether it be possible so to repair it as that it may yet be serviceable. The mechanic will apply his hammer to it, and find, perhaps, two or three of the spokes broken, or a piece of the fellow defective. Yet he is not discouraged; and to the question, whether the wheel can be restored to usefulness, he answers in the affirmative. At length, however, he is moved to test the soundness of another essential part; and, as the result of his examination, he turns away, with the exclamation, "It is of no use to attempt to do any thing with it." "What is the matter now?" inquires the farmer. "Why, sir, in addition to broken spokes and a defective fellow, *the hub is rotten.*" So, sir, it is with the great wheel of society. We can make shift to get on tolerably well, though frost and fire, drought and storm, shall, from time to time, attack and seriously injure some of its parts or segments of the circle; but the curse of intemperance *rots the hub*. It enfeebles the physical, intellectual, and moral powers of men, on the healthy condition and proper exercise of which, with the blessing of God, the preservation of all that is valuable in human society depends. And this brings me to the consideration of another peculiarity of that great evil we are considering.

The curse of intemperance not only tends to destroy what has been produced of good, but it strikes terrible, and sometimes fatal, blows at the producing power.

If I, with a hammer, or any other heavy instrument, should break in pieces the lamp before me, you would all agree that I had been guilty of a very wrong act. I have destroyed an object of interest as well as use. There is the history of the world in that lamp, if we have but the eye to see it. Noah did not light the ark with lamps constructed like this. The means employed by the patriarchs to give light when the sun had gone to bed were, we have reason to suppose, quite rude and imperfect in comparison with this. Each generation added something to the facilities of producing light, and so on, age after age, until, in 1848, we produce such as this before me, and many other beautiful patterns. Hence, sir, the lamp before us affords other matter for reflection besides the light it furnishes. It were surely a wicked act to destroy, wantonly, an object of so much interest, and, at the same time, so useful. But, sir, if an influence be set in motion which shall enfeeble the intellect that planned that piece of mechanism, and palsy the hand that fashioned it, a more serious injury has been inflicted on society. When the lamp merely was broken, you might gather up the fragments, and, adding a little more of the material from which it was fashioned, of which God has given us an abundance, you might take it to the glass-house, and there you might find those who, for a trifling reward, would fuse the mass by the aid of heat, and mould you another so like the one broken, that, were they standing side by side, you could scarcely distinguish them. But when you have crippled that intellect, so wonderfully constituted, and palsied that hand, so perfectly educated or skilled in the mechanic arts, you have done a most foul and accursed deed, which neither men nor angels can repair. Aside from the individual and immortal interests involved in the mischief you have perpetrated, you have inflicted a terrible injury on society, by destroying its producing powers, the most important of which are the intellects and educated muscles of men. The frost or drought, that cuts off the corn crop, does not diminish the capacity of the soil to produce another crop, or destroy

the skill and physical power of the agriculturist. But, sir, set up a grog-shop in that vicinity, and convert the farmers into drunken loafers, and you have not only unfitted their minds to plan, and their hands to execute, but you will cover the soil, through their neglect, with thistles and thorns, with briars and brambles, and break down the enclosures of its fields, until its capacity to produce shall be well nigh destroyed. And such, sir, is the character of this terrible scourge, which is doing its work of destruction here in this very town of Manchester.

Suppose a severe storm should visit us, and a freshet come thundering along the bed of our streams, tearing away, in its course, bridges, mills, &c. What then? No incurable calamity has visited us. The freshet did not carry away the intelligence, the skill, and energy of our mechanics. They are left untouched, and the mischief will soon be repaired. Within the next twenty-four hours after the storm has ceased, and while the inhabitants of the village are gazing with sadness on the wreck of what was so lately a beautiful edifice, within the walls of which hundreds found employment, some ingenious mechanic will discover the mistake of the builders which exposed the building to the power of the freshet, and will assure you that, had the underpinning been secured thus and so, the building might have defied the power which has torn it away. There, now, is a human intellect already at work, and directed toward the repair of the mischief. Hands skilled to construct are ready, and stout hearts full of energy are impelling them to the toil, and soon, very soon, with the materials which God has strown all around them, another building will arise, more substantial and beautiful than that which was swept away. New machinery will soon be buzzing there again, and all will go on as if no evil had happened; and, as you pass, you shall hear the song of the cheerful maiden at her loom, even above the din of rattling wheels. Sir, you cannot arrest the onward march of improvement among Yankees by any mischievous influence which aims only at

what their heads and hands have produced. But impair the powers of inventive brains, which seem but a collection of all conceivable mechanical movements, and palsy hands skilled in mechanic arts, and you have marred the most wonderful of the works of God, — the masterpiece of the great Architect, — and have struck a blow at the producing power of human society, the injurious effects of which may not be repaired.

Another striking peculiarity of the evil of intemperance is its tendency to destroy *the principle of vitality* in whatever it touches. You doubtless understand that alcohol, the principal mischievous agent in the varieties of intoxicating drinks which are vended in our country, is always the result of a process of decay. Obtain it from whatever source you may, the death of the vegetable from which you obtain it must precede its formation or extraction. Vitality cannot coëxist with it. No vegetable contains it while its life continues; but when all vitality is extinct, then fermentation takes place, and alcohol is the first product of the process of decay. Now, in all its influence on society and man, alcohol seems to retain this character of incompatibility with the principle of vitality. Death must precede its march and tread closely on its heels. Yet, while it is doing the work of death, *it promises and counterfeits life*. Many a professor of Christianity, after taking a glass or two of brandy, has, in the religious meeting, manifested unusual fervency of spirit, religious zeal and devotion, to an extraordinary degree. I hardly need add that all *such* devotion is counterfeit, and that while there is this external show of religious life, that soul is sinking into spiritual death. The church may have its full complement of members, all the ordinances of religion may be regularly observed, and yet, if the members of that church shall habitually use as a drink any mixture of which alcohol forms a considerable part, its vitality will soon be at a low ebb; it will exert but little influence toward Christianizing the world. And yet there may be, externally, a fair show and promise of life, while the

extinction of vital Christianity is going on within its communion. Thus it is with the social relations. Many an individual, who was never seen to reel under the influence of intoxicating drinks, but whose constitution is daily subjected to the influences of alcohol, makes his family quite miserable, while, to the eye of the world, there may be an appearance of domestic enjoyment. This may be readily understood, if we consider what is *vital*, or absolutely essential to domestic enjoyment. Wealth is not an essential; a high degree of intellectual attainments is not indispensably necessary. Much domestic enjoyment may exist where there is not even a very elevated standard of morals, judging them by the Christian code. Two things must, however, exist, or domestic happiness takes wing—*real affection* between the parties, and *confidence* in each other. Neither of these can long survive and flourish in the fumes of alcohol. No other influence ever brought to bear on man so soon alienates the social affections as intoxicating stimulants, and the wife whose husband gives himself up to the habitual use of alcoholic drinks will soon be taught, by bitter experience, that she cannot place implicit confidence in him. She is invited to go with him to a social party, and she accompanies her husband, but she carries with her the bane of enjoyment—*anxiety and continual fear* lest, after the wine cup shall have been passed around two or three times, she should be made to blush for her husband, while she witnesses his rude behavior and listens to his silly remarks. She cannot have confidence that he will bear himself like a man through the evening's entertainment. She whispers her fears to no one, and strives, perhaps, to appear at ease and happy. Such appearance of happiness is, however, deceptive. That which is *vital* to social enjoyment is not there. He provides well for his family, it may be. There is no want of coal in the grate, or food on his table, and no member of his family lacks clothing, or the external means of enjoyment; and yet the members of that family may painfully feel that there is in the constitution of that husband and father, a rival to their

affections. He declares unalterable and undying attachment to wife and children; and yet every one of them may know that he loves something else better. He would not forego his accustomed glass to gratify them, or promote their enjoyment. A true woman and wife will endure no earthly rival in her husband's affections. Let her be sure that such a one exists, and a fatal disease has attacked her own.

Another peculiarity of the evil of intemperance, which it is well to glance at, for a moment, in passing, is, that there are no mitigating circumstances attending its infliction which may afford us consolation. Frost, which destroys the crops, may, at the same time, check the progress of epidemic disease. A long continued drought, which destroys some of the farmer's crops, affords him a rare opportunity to improve the condition of his lands which are ordinarily too wet to work upon. He may improve the favorable opportunity afforded by long continued drought to bring home a store of fuel from swampy lands over which he could not drive his team under ordinary circumstances. Drought is not an unmitigated evil. The manufacturer may lack water to turn his wheels, but the drought brings to him the best possible opportunity for repairing the dam by which he arrests the natural flow of the stream, and converts it to his purposes. Fire is a dreaded evil in our cities, when it gets an undue ascendancy, and destroys millions of property annually; yet it is not an unmixed evil. It often clears out a lot of old, miserable buildings, which the cupidity of owners have long rented to the vile, for vile purposes; thus purifying infested districts, which the most vigilant police had failed to do. But what mitigating circumstances attend the curse of intemperance in its warfare on our fellow-men and their dearest interests. Some persons, it may be said, acquire wealth by the traffic. True; and some men acquire it by theft and knavery, but nothing is added, in either case, to the wealth of community by such acquisition; for A is made poor while B becomes rich. In legitimate and honorable mercantile transactions, both parties should be benefited by the

traffic — the purchaser and consumer, as well as the seller. In the traffic in strong drink, however, the consumer *must* be a sufferer, while the seller *may* be a gainer, so far as money and the present moment are concerned ; but the traffic is almost invariably a curse to the seller, in the end, as well as the buyer, because it inevitably corrupts his morals, and, in many instances, proves his own ruin, or the ruin of some one or more members of his family. A citizen of Rhode Island, and a gentleman of the legal profession, once displayed the acuteness of his logic, by declaring, in my hearing, that drunkenness was, in one important particular, a great blessing to a community ; and when asked for a further exposition of his views, he said, “it put out of the way a great many poor, shiftless vagabonds, who were a curse to their families, and a nuisance in society.” The great man seemed to have forgotten what influence had converted a portion of his fellow-citizens into “poor, shiftless vagabonds,” and had rendered them “a curse to their families, and a nuisance in society.” After a pretty thorough examination of the subject, during a period of more than twenty-three years, I am constrained to declare that I know of no mitigating circumstances attending this destructive evil, as it appears in New England. In a vast majority of cases, it has proved a curse to the manufacturer, the seller, and consumers.

Another feature of the evil we are considering is, the constancy of its operation. It knows no intermission.

War blows his bloody trump, and dire alarms
Convulse the earth, while nations rush to arms ;
Earth's lap is with her bleeding children pressed,
Each with his bayonet in his brother's breast.

And were that terrible scourge to continue its ravages, without intermission, for centuries, the earth would be unpeopled. But with most nations, the years in which they are in a state of war with neighboring nations are happily much fewer than those in which they are blessed with peace ; and during these

peaceful years, the nation gets time to breathe, as it were. The industrial pursuits of life, the public morals, education, the arts and sciences, and, in short, all the interests of humanity, have time to recover, in part at least, from the effects of war, before that scourge and curse of nations repeats his visit. Pestilence is not always sowing the air with the seeds of death. Frost, drought, famine, fire, and storms execute their messages of wrath, and then, for a season, bid us farewell. Not so, however, with the curse of intemperance. Its work of death goes steadily on, winter and summer, by night as well as by day, in seasons of plenty and while nations are suffering from the visitations of famine. If, like pestilence, war, and many other evils, it would occasionally afford the suffering earth a little respite, men would have an opportunity of contrasting their condition, during such periods, with their condition during its visitations, and their eyes would be opened. They would set up a standard against its return, and, as its origin or causes are subject to the control of man, it might soon cease to curse the earth. No such respite is, however, afforded the suffering earth by the dreadful scourge we are considering. It puts its cup of poison to the lips, and throws its veil over the minds of each successive generation. No portion of the civilized world, no interest of mankind, and no period of time, is uncursed by its presence and power.

Mr. President, there may be other characteristics of this terrible scourge of the world which I have not referred to in the sketch I have taken, and which ought not to be omitted; but they do not at this moment occur to me. I would by no means have any individual present regard the view I have taken as a full length portrait of the curse of intemperance. It was not my intention to attempt such a one on this occasion, but rather to point to particular features of it, which were characteristic, and distinguish it from other evils which curse the world. Intemperance has destroyed the lives of millions. Thirty thousand annually, according to the most careful calculation, go down to graves of infamy by the use

of strong drink ; but I have not dwelt on that subject, for such results are not *peculiar* to intemperance, as thousands die annually from war, pestilence, and the influence of recklessness and imprudence, as manifested in a thousand ways. Intemperance destroys millions of property ; but so does fire, storm, &c. The destruction of property is not *peculiar* to intemperance, and I have not taken that item, therefore, into account in the present discourse. It is the less necessary that we should dwell on those points, as they are observed by every individual, and are the subjects of frequent discussion.

Mr. President, I feel that I ought not to conclude the labor of the evening without some reference to an occurrence which took place last evening, in the village just above. Its history may serve to illustrate the dangerous character of the system we are tolerating among us, its injustice and inhumanity ; and may possibly excite us to a more energetic performance of our duties in connection with this important subject. Just after the close of my public labor last evening, and after I had taken my seat by the hearth of one of your citizens, Mr. Carpenter, I was invited to go, as speedily as possible, to the house of a neighbor of his, to assist in preserving, if possible, the life of a young lad of seventeen, who had been brought home in a state of complete insensibility, and whose restoration seemed quite doubtful. I hastened to the place, and found the young man in a most deplorable condition. He had been found lying in the road, cold and helpless, wallowing in the snow, his hat off, and his head partially immersed in a snow bank. Without assistance, he must soon have died ; and that young frame, so full of the vigor of youth yesterday, would have been found, this morning, stiffened and cold as the earth on which it rested. He had been carried to the home of his widowed mother, and the physician of the village called in to assist the wretched family in restoring him, if possible. Efforts had been making for his restoration for a considerable time before I reached the house ; but they had been unsuccessful, and he was still as insensible as a clod. The young man

had not been addicted to the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, but, in company with seven others, most of whom were mere boys, like himself, he had visited a grog-shop, not far distant. and the result, in part, I have already stated. Three others beside himself, making four out of the eight, had become intoxicated, and one or two of the number had, like the young man I visited, been deprived of the power of locomotion, and would have died in the street but for timely aid. By long and patient effort, warmth was restored to the almost frozen limbs of the boy, and, in a few hours, his agonized mother and sisters had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to consciousness. Now, sir, who could be so destitute of all right principle and feeling as to furnish those boys with the means of intoxication? It was one of your citizens; one with whom most of you are acquainted. He furnished them with one quart of distilled spirits, which they carried out of the store and drank. It was so easy to get out of the reach of the law. Two or three strides and the party were clean outside the legal fence built by the concentrated wisdom of the state. O most sapient and mighty legislators, where shall we find language to express our admiration of your wisdom? No offence to fill a jug of poison for the infatuated slave of appetite, but he must not drink it on the premises. He might be noisy and quarrelsome if he were to drink it on the grog-seller's premises, and disturb the quiet of that important functionary, and that most sacred place. Therefore he must not "drink it on the premises where he obtains it," but go home, into the bosom of his family, and drink it there; and there let the vile passions inflamed by strong drink have full vent, and thus turn home into a hell. After having drank one quart off the premises, as we learn, the lads obtained, of the same gentleman, a second quart, and drank it in the store. They were then turned out, to find their way home, if they could, or die in the street, as they might. The man who was guilty of that vile and infamous deed is a citizen of Manchester; and what is his reward for this kind of work? Why, he is intrusted with

an important office under the general government of these United States. He is your postmaster, and his fellow-citizens must have their business communications — ay, more, their messages of love and friendship — from distant parts of the country all come through that polluted channel. The mothers of the vicinity, whose sons are daily being poisoned at that establishment, must go there to get news from another son in some distant part of the country, who is, perhaps, being poisoned in the same way by some other titled villain. And this, ladies and gentlemen, is in the town of Manchester, in the Christian state of Connecticut, abounding in schools, colleges, and churches; and we live in the nineteenth century! Now, it would seem that to have deliberately poisoned to death the father of that poor boy might have been enough in the way of wickedness for your fellow-citizen Captain Risley. [*A voice from some one in the audience, "Squire Risley!"*] Ay, he is also a justice of the peace, or, *I* should say, rather, a piece of a justice — and a *very small piece too*. [*Laughter and applause.*] The wretched mother of that thoughtless young man declared to me, last evening, while standing by the bed on which the insensible body of the boy was lying, that her husband had often obtained from that very establishment the intoxicating poison that, within the last year, had laid him in the grave; and "O sir," said she, "was it not enough that I have been made a widow by the traffic of that wicked man, and left with the care of a large family resting on me alone, and must he now go to work and ruin my sons?" While listening to the bitter complaints of that widowed mother, as she paced the apartment to and fro, wringing her hands in agony, while the tears were streaming down her cheeks, I felt, Mr. President, that we had all of us been too remiss in the discharge of our duty — that this infamous traffic should be brought to an end. And, sir, without the slightest hesitation, I here declare, that, in view of its palpable injustice and cold-blooded cruelty, I would, if possessed of despotic power, protect the weak, the innocent, and defenceless, who

are thus made to suffer by it, from further wrong, or I would give the heartless wretches engaged in that traffic an opportunity to obtain their light and air through iron window-sashes. What is a government good for that can go into spasms if one individual shall deprive another, without his consent, of property to the value of five dollars, and yet does nothing, or worse than nothing, for the prevention of such outrages on the weak, the innocent, and defenceless, as we have witnessed in this town during the last twenty-four hours. If an individual applies a torch to a human dwelling, made by the carpenter and mason, of timber, boards, laths, lime, &c., — inanimate materials, with no soul, no spirit, and no gentle affections, — the officers of the law drag him before a court of justice. He has his trial, and is locked up in prison; and when the bolt of his cell goes home to its fastenings, there comes up from the community whose laws he has outraged a universal “Amen,” as it were. “His punishment is well deserved,” is the universal declaration. But an individual, directly in the heart of your community, can put his torch of liquid fire to your children, your pride, your boast, and, according to your own estimate, the richest of your earthly possessions, day after day, until they are scorched, seared, blasted, ay, literally burnt up, before your eyes; and, instead of sending the wretch to his proper place, in the state prison, you make him a justice of the peace, and a postmaster! In the particular case of wrong and outrage I have commented upon, the principal sufferers were a widow and a number of fatherless children; but, fellow-citizens, how soon it may fall to my lot, or to one of you, to have our hearts wrung with anguish as we survey the ruin of some dear child, God only knows. The curse is abroad, and none of us are secure. Our children are of the same flesh and blood as the children of those who have thus been made to suffer from this scourge; they partake of the same depraved nature, and, if exposed to the same temptations, they may fall, as have others. Let us, therefore, not only out of regard to the general welfare of society, but for

the security of our own families, labor to put an end to the traffic and use of intoxicating drinks. Let no one presume to declare that he has a just and proper regard for the children God has given him, if he be unwilling to assist in removing the snares which are spread, on every hand, for their inexperienced feet.

INTEMPERANCE AS A VICE OF INDIVIDUAL MAN.

REPORTED BY THE AUTHOR, FROM MEMORY.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS : —

I HAVE frequently, in my public discourses, attempted to convince those whom I have had the honor to address that Intemperance is the giant curse of the civilized world ; that, as a source of mischief and misery to human society, it may claim a decided preëminence over any other evil influence which curses the world. On the present occasion, I shall ask your attention, for a brief period, while I shall consider intemperance *as a vice of individual man* ; and among the long, black catalogue of vices to which men are addicted, I think it can be made to appear that intemperance has also claim to the preëminence. I do not wish to magnify this particular subject beyond the degree of importance which properly and justly belongs to it ; but the conviction has long been settled in my own mind that, with the mass, even of those who are, on the whole, friendly to the temperance cause, the tremendous power of this vice to enslave and ruin those who yield themselves to its influence has been sadly underrated.

Intemperance has found means to adapt itself, as no other vice has ever done, to both sexes, all ages, classes, and conditions of men. There are none so high that it may not drag them down. There are none so low but it will, with great condescension, stoop to their humble condition, and contrive to sink them lower. The educated and the ignorant, the rich

and the poor, the civilized man and the savage, the delicate female and the brawny backwoodsman, the aged man and the beardless boy, the master and the slave, each and all are within the reach of this master vice of man. There are vices which exhibit themselves among the rich, who live in luxury and indolence, which are not found to any considerable extent among the hard-laboring poor. There are others, found among the poor and uneducated, which would not find toleration among the wealthy and more refined. There are vices which do not begin to show their power in early youth, but wait until the attainment of manhood for their full development, while avarice is peculiarly a vice of age or advanced life. The vice we are considering makes no distinction, but has found means to adapt itself to all ages, sexes, and conditions. If the wealthy and the fashionable are just now to be the subjects of power, it at once adapts itself to their condition. The old enemy slips into a cut glass decanter, or silver-topped bottles of a fashionable construction, in the form of old particular madeira, hock, or champagne, and takes his place on a fashionable sideboard, and where can be found a more genteel and fashionable character,* just now, than Mr. Devil. Our genteel friends dally with the tempter. They sip and sip again and again, in the most delicate manner imaginable, and some, before the hour of parting arrives, are "as tipsy as a lord." O, yes, he has a way to do up the fashionables. Nor is he particularly awkward when we find him at the other extreme of society. If it be Tom, Dick, and Harry, the ignorant and vulgar, that just now demand the old enemy's particular attentions, he will search them out in the dirty hovels which they call home, or in the still dirtier grog-shop, and, taking the form of New England rum, potato whiskey, strong beer, or hard cider, in an old stone jug, or a black junk bottle, he can make himself exceedingly familiar and cozy with his hard-handed, and perhaps ragged and shoeless, acquaintances. Oaths grow louder, obscene jests still more obscene; vile songs are bellowed forth with increasing

energy ; and pallets of straw, the gutter, and the watch-house receive the company, sunken by strong drink to a condition considerably below the brute animals.

If the infant in the cradle be just now the particular subject to be assaulted, and perhaps ruined; by having an unnatural appetite early fixed in its constitution, this all-pervading and most accommodating curse slips into its drink or sustenance, in the shape of republican gin toddy or royal caudle, and, getting access to the coats of the stomach and the delicate nervous system, contracts an intimacy, secures a future acquaintance with and influence over the little immortal, and a fire is kindled which may burn to the lowest hell. Extreme old age has no peculiarities or infirmities to which the vice of intemperance cannot adapt itself. It persuades the venerable man that the true way to "keep his spirits up" is by pouring spirits down, and down they are poured ; and the result oftentimes is, that the gray head, which, "in the way of righteousness," we are told, is "a crown of glory," is dragged down in shame and sorrow to the grave.

No vice, like intemperance, has ever been able to seize on all occasions, sacred, social, and patriotic, joyful and afflictive, and turn them to its own account, or, in other words, make them the instruments of strengthening or perpetuating itself. The odious vices of gambling and profanity have been able to make a little capital stock, to gain strength, impetus, or new victims, from regimental reviews, auction sales, public exhibitions or executions, raisings of buildings, bridges, and the like. They could not, however, make much out of funeral occasions, religious anniversaries, convocations, &c. But intemperance—that most subtle and efficient emissary of Satan—has, in times past, found means to employ all occasions where men have met together, for securing new victims, or strengthening its chains upon those already within its grasp. The same hook which, baited with new rum, caught the ragged loafer at a regimental review, caught, sometimes, the Rev. D. D., or the Right Rev. Bishop, when, baited with ministerial toddy, it was dropped

into the religious convocation. On all occasions, from the first moment of human existence to the last, it thrust itself before or coiled itself around the generation which has preceded us, to deceive, seduce, and destroy. Alcohol was the first thing that saluted the senses of the new-born infant, and it bathed the temples of expiring age.

By its ability to crush all the powers, faculties, affections, interests, and hopes of individual man, intemperance asserts its supremacy over all or most of the other vices which degrade and curse mankind. Profanity, if indulged in, will injure a man's reputation in any well-regulated, Christian community. It will sadly deprave his moral nature. But does it disease his body? Certainly not. Does it waste his estate? No. Does it necessarily alienate his affections from his family, or destroy his intellect? No. It may be long indulged in, and yet not necessarily or materially affect either. Yet it is an odious vice, offensive to God and to all good men. But look at another hateful and terrible form of vice — gambling. This lays hold of a man with a stronger grasp than profanity. It injures the reputation, depraves the heart; and to these injurious results, common both to it and to profanity, gambling adds the waste of property, as a general rule; and, if the passion for it gain considerable strength, it will alienate a man's affections from wife, children, and home. Nevertheless, there are powers and interests of men which gambling does not immediately or ordinarily reach. It does not necessarily disease the body or destroy the intellect. Many professional gamblers, in our large cities, have healthy physical frames, and intellects unimpaired; so that, although it be a terrible vice, it does not at once attack all our powers and interests. Intemperance, however, leaves no power, faculty, interest, or proper affection uninjured. That it diseases the body, no one will dispute. That it enfeebles the intellect, even some of the most noble that God has ever given to man, we have melancholy evidence. That it wastes the property and hardens the heart, every one knows who has paid atten-

tion to the subject; and if any individual before me doubts whether it can crush or alienate the social affections, let him go and ask the drunkard's wife and children. This terrible vice, as the sailor would say, sweeps the deck, and does not leave a spar standing. Hence it is an utter impossibility to restore completely to a man, by the most thorough reformation, all that he has lost by the vice, if it have been long continued. John Hawkins, whose name is known through every state of this Union, and on the other side of the Atlantic, although he has never swerved from the temperance faith since he embraced it, and although he has a place in the affections of thousands, for his consistent course and his zealous efforts for the advancement of the cause of temperance and the restoration of the fallen and the wretched, will never be able to repair all the mischief which has been done him by his former intemperance. His physical frame, firmly knit and excellent as it was originally, was terribly wrenched by the old enemy. The same is true of thousands of our reformed brethren. George Haydock, the ex-wood-sawyer, of Hudson, as he calls himself, although he retains more intellectual sharpness, in spite of his former intemperance, than is possessed by the average of men who never got drunk in the course of their lives, will, nevertheless, find it quite impossible to rub out all the scars he received during his period of slavery to this terrible vice. He will never find a perfect substitute for the leg which, to use his own words, "was lost in the service of old King Alcohol."

Another point, to which I would direct attention, is that, in the brotherhood of vices, intemperance is generally the pioneer, or, if not emphatically *the* pioneer, it sets off on its errand of mischief with but a small company. Very few young men become notorious for their habits of gaming or licentiousness who abstain from the use of alcoholic drinks. Of those who had been religiously educated or placed under proper restraints in their youth, I never met with a man who had become a proficient in either of those vices, where the

way for their ruinous march had not been prepared by the intoxicating cup. The hell in which those vices revel lies too far below the table land of virtue and respectability to be reached without a ladder or staircase. The means of a quiet and almost imperceptible descent is furnished by the intoxicating cup. Sober young men, born, reared, and educated in our rural districts, do not, when business or the pursuit of pleasure calls them to our large cities, rush at once into the gaming saloons, or the apartments of her whose "house is the way to hell, going down by the chambers of death." No, sir; there must be a previous preparation for such reckless folly. The outworks of virtue, morality, and common prudence must be assaulted and carried by the cup—to use a military phrase—and when a clear breach is made in the defences, then hell's heavy artillery, with all its lumbering battalions, may pour in at their leisure. If I may be permitted still further to borrow the phraseology of the camp, and another figure from military affairs, I would say, that intemperance is generally the advance guard or "forlorn hope" of the vices. If it be successful in its assault on the gates, the rest of the infernal army may enter at their leisure. If the advance guard find all the places of ingress barricaded with the total abstinence pledge, and the well-settled principles and practice of temperance, the siege is generally raised, and Satan's select squadrons "have leave to withdraw."

The vice we are especially considering accomplishes with apparent ease, and sometimes with the most frightful rapidity, a work of utter devastation upon the characters and *affections* of individuals, which the united influence of all other known vices for years, *without the aid of intemperance*, can but barely accomplish. A single illustration may serve to convey to you precisely my meaning, and, at the same time, scatter any doubt you may at first entertain of the soundness of the view I am laboring to present. Some years since, while engaged in the practice of my profession in the state of Rhode Island, I was consulted in the case of a little girl of about fourteen

years of age, if I rightly recollect, whose parents resided within a hundred rods of my office. The child was suffering under that terrific form of disease, consumption; and I was well aware that all the service I could render her would be, by a careful and judicious employment of appropriate means, to relieve distressing symptoms which might, from time to time, occur while organic disease of a vital organ, the lungs, was daily moving forward to a fatal termination. Kind words, and the manifestation of an affectionate interest in all that might concern the sufferer, together with what is understood by good nursing, is far better, in such a case as the one I have described, than much medicine, though the employment of medicine may be very efficient sometimes in relieving the pains attendant on disease of a fatal character, if its administration be directed by sound physiological principles and common sense. With such views of my duties in the case before me, I called frequently on the little sufferer. The gratitude she ever evinced for any service rendered her, the noble fortitude with which she bore her sufferings, and the sweet, angelic temper of mind she ever evinced under circumstances which might have been regarded as a sufficient apology for peevishness and petulance, and, added to all this, her cheerful acquiescence in any arrangement which her friends about her judged for the best, together completed a character which secured my admiration — ay, more, my love. Although I had no reason to expect any pecuniary reward for my services in the case, the dear child was in no danger of suffering from professional neglect. It is a great privilege and honor to minister to those whom we have reason to believe are soon to become “as the angels of God.” One morning, being under obligations to leave the village immediately after the hour of breakfast, to be absent during the day, I rose earlier than usual, that I might have time to visit my village patients before breakfast. The residence of the little girl whose situation I have described was the first place at which I called. I found her, on entering the house, sitting in an arm-chair, with a

blanket wrapped about her person, and shivering as with the cold. Desirous of knowing for a certainty the cause of this agitation, I asked, "Martha, what makes you tremble or shake thus?" She answered, through chattering teeth, and with a feeble voice, "Sir, I am very cold." "But why are you not in bed?" "I have had one of my distressed spells, and could not lie in bed," was the reply. "How long have you been sitting here, Martha?" "Almost through the night." Seeing that there was, at the time, no fire in the apartment, I further inquired, "Have you been sitting here alone, and without fire?" She replied that she had, and remarked that there was no wood in the house. Touched to the soul by the melancholy condition of the little sufferer, and as I could hear no one moving in adjoining apartments, I inquired for her father, and she informed me he was in bed. Once more I inquired, "*Where is your mother?*" "*She is in bed too,*" was the answer of the little uncomplaining angel. While I shall live, may a merciful God spare me from another such trial of my feelings. Is there another influence under heaven, with which any one before me has ever become acquainted, strong enough to drag a mother from the side of a dear, sick, suffering child, and lead her, while she can stand up or move, to abandon it to the united power of disease, biting cold, and utter loneliness, through the long, tedious hours of such a night, except the accursed influence of the intoxicating cup? I have lived more than forty years, and been a pretty careful observer of what is passing in the world around me, and I have never witnessed the operation of any other power than that of alcoholic drinks which was capable of conquering *a mother's love*. That old couplet, which, with some injustice to my own sex, as I think, contrasted the strength and endurance of a mother's and a father's love, certainly fails to convey the truth relative to the character of drunken mothers. It may not be said of drunken mothers, in the sense intended in the old couplet, that

"A mother's a mother all the days of her life."

One who has become the slave of this dreadful vice is a mother until she gets hold of the bottle. The father of that poor little girl had, the evening before my visit to her, obtained a quart of rum from a grocery kept in the village by a "*justice of the peace*;" and the result I have already stated. He added, perhaps, a *sixpence* to his ill-gotten gains, and that poor, sick, and suffering child sat there alone, and shaking with the cold, while hour after hour of that gloomy night rolled heavily and slowly away. What burning thoughts must have passed through the brain, and what agonizing feelings awakened in the breast of that child, as she sat there alone, without fire, or the presence of one solitary friend, during that bitter night! Even with the best of care, with kind friends continually by our side to minister to our wants, to raise up the drooping head, to put the cordial draught to the parched and fevered lip, and whisper in our ear words of sympathy and comfort, — O, with all these, is there not enough of trial for poor human nature through a long and wasting disease? When the limbs fail to perform their office, and we feebly stretch forth our emaciated hands to those around us for support, and when we know that the blessed sun shall but for a few mornings more rise *for us*, and that we shall no more walk abroad over the pleasant fields, brushing, with our feet, from the bending grass tops the diamonds which night had hung upon them, and when memory is busied in bringing before the mind all that we have loved on earth, and are about to lose forever, — then, even if sustained by a hope of happiness beyond the grave, we need also the kind offices and kind words of our friends.

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

God have mercy on those who, at such a time, and under such circumstances, cast into the cup of the sick and afflicted one unnecessary element of bitterness. Those who do thus, greatly

need mercy, for they have much to be forgiven. Such, however, is the almost daily business of those who fill the intoxicating cup for the victims of this terrible vice, while, often, their nearest and dearest relatives are sick and suffering at home.

In conclusion, I will only add, that the vice of intemperance demands our especial attention on account of the vast multitude of its victims. For one individual who is thoroughly corrupted through the influence mainly of any other vice, there are at least ten who are rendered by this vice a curse to their families and relatives, and a pest and burden to society.

PROSPECTIVE RESULTS OF THE TRAFFIC IN INTOXICATING DRINKS.

REPORTED FROM MEMORY, BY THE AUTHOR.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS. —

WITHOUT any special inspiration from above, or the gift of prophecy, men may often, from a careful consideration of the past and the present, reason to what lies in the future. We may not attain to that precise and particular knowledge of the future which observation and history furnish of the present and the past, but we can estimate general results with sufficient accuracy to guide us in the practical duties and concerns of life. I propose, in the present discourse, with such aid as we may derive from history, and our own observation of what has been passing in the world around us, to look forward to the inevitable results of the traffic in strong drink, if it shall be continued in this community. Such an exercise may aid us in settling the question of individual duty in reference to an important subject, which, at the present moment, is exciting much discussion in almost every part of our country. That discussion is not confined to private circles. It has found its way to the pulpits of the land, to the lyccums and legislative halls, and more than once has engaged the attention of our highest judicial tribunals. Let us, therefore, with what ability and calmness we may bring to the task, pull aside the veil which separates us from the future, and let the light of history and reason stream in, and show us the inevitable consequences of continuing, in this community, the traffic in the means of intoxication.

In every part of the world, where the manufacture and traffic of intoxicating compounds have been tolerated, a considerable proportion of its inhabitants have been hurried, by them, to untimely and dishonorable graves. There have been no exceptions in favor of communities where the arts of civilized life, education, refinement, and Christianity have done most for the elevation of our race. We may then, from this uniformity of result, set it down as a fixed fact, that if the traffic in intoxicating liquors be continued, it will doom to early and dishonorable graves a certain and no inconsiderable number of our fellow-citizens. Now, if no other injury to society were to be reasonably anticipated from the continuance of that traffic, and it could be made to appear that the traffic could safely be dispensed with, our duty—the duty of all men—would be plain in the premises. Why should we tolerate the certain and unnecessary destruction of our fellow-men? Is it a matter of no moment that the period of human life should be wantonly abbreviated? Why should not a man be hanged as soon for producing death by alcohol as by arsenic? These are questions for those who sustain the rum traffic to answer. There are, doubtless, in this community, a number of men who have contracted habits of intemperance, and an artificial appetite, which seems to have gotten the mastery of their wills. Efforts have been made for their rescue. Good counsel has been given them. Friends have gathered around, and earnestly and kindly exhorted them to save themselves from ruin. Perhaps they have been persuaded to attend meetings of the friends of temperance, and the hearts of their relatives and friends have been gladdened by seeing their names appended to a pledge of abstinence. But with some it has availed nought. They have broken such pledges repeatedly, and returned to their cups. Where now is your ground of hope for such? You have but one. Place the cup of poison beyond their reach, or they die. Let this inevitable conclusion dwell in the mind of every one whom I now address. Whatever language the lips of those wretched

victims of intemperance may utter, the language of their condition is, "Save me, or I perish." The hearts of thousands who have come to the light on this subject respond to the call, and they stretch forth their hands, and, with fraternal and proper feelings, lift up their fallen brethren, and place them on their feet. But another hand seizes them, and drags them back into the pit from which they had escaped for a time; and that hand is the hand of the dealer in intoxicating drinks. While we see the benevolent and good thus putting forth efforts to save from complete ruin, body and soul, some of their unfortunate fellow-men, O, it is melancholy to see others take upon themselves the awful responsibility of frustrating their designs, and preventing the accomplishment of the good they aim at. If there be any truth in that old maxim that *actions speak* sometimes even louder than words, then the language of those who are determined to perpetuate in community the traffic in strong drink is by no means equivocal. We must read it thus: "Gentlemen, temperance men, and you ladies who are engaged in this temperance movement, put forth your united strength and influence, get up meetings of the citizens, organize societies, adopt and circulate your pledges, expend your time, and employ your funds in efforts to save the drunkards of this community from the fate that threatens them; and when you have done all, you shall fail in the accomplishment of your object. We stand here to frustrate your designs. The drunkards of this community seem desirous of the privilege of destroying themselves, and we are determined they shall enjoy it. You throw water on the fire that threatens to consume them, and we will rekindle it. You pull them out of the current which is sweeping them toward the cataract below, and we will push them from the bank as soon as their feet rest upon it." Such is the language of their acts, if not of their lips. If they shall deny that they *will* such a result, then I reply, that whoever wills the continued operation of a cause which he knows, and all past experience shows, to be attended with one uniform result, *wills that result*, whatever he may

say to the contrary. The sane man, who puts a lighted torch to the hay-mow in my barn, wills to burn my barn ; and no sophistry, however ingenious, can, as it appears to me, mislead an honest mind in relation to the matter. He who wills the continued existence of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, wills the production of its inevitable results ; and those are poverty, disease, and death, to some of his fellow-men.

Mr. President, I have never studied the logic of the schools, but the argument I have just employed seems to me consistent with the logic of common sense. If a single citizen of this community were arraigned, and put on his trial, for a capital offence, the penalty of which is death, and twelve men were selected from these before me to sit as jurors in the case, with what intense interest they would listen to every particle of evidence tending to prove the guilt or innocence of the prisoner ! Why is this ? A human life is at stake ; and human life is too sacred to be trifled with. In such a case as the one I have supposed, when the evidence and the pleadings in the case are closed, and the judge has concluded his charge to the jury, what intense anxiety is depicted in every countenance during the period of their consultation on the subject ! And, when the foreman of the jury rises to declare the guilt or innocence of the accused, the most profound silence reigns in the apartment, and each individual seems intent on catching the first syllable which can make him acquainted with the fate of the prisoner. So sacred do we regard human life. Now, sir, do you, and do my brethren here assembled, realize that, while settling the question whether the sale of intoxicating poisons shall be continued in this community, you are settling the question of life or death for a certain number of your fellow-citizens ? Let that traffic be discontinued, and they live. Let it be continued, and they will go down to untimely graves, "a bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe."

Sir, while we are endeavoring to obtain as correct a view as may be possible of the prospective results of this wicked system, we must not confine our thoughts to the few in this

particular community whose fate the continuance of this traffic will settle. Every community, town, or village of the land can number its quota, and the aggregate swells to thousands and tens of thousands. Some years since, after circumstances which I need not name had compelled me to reflect on the character and influence of that horrid system, my thoughts and feelings found expression in the following lines : —

'Tis sad to see the drunkard's wretched home,
Despoiled by poverty, and wrapped in gloom ;
To see the shattered roof, the crumbling wall,
The wretched inmates, and to hear the call
Of famished children for their ruined sire,
Blasted and scorched by rum's consuming fire.
But when, in sad array, before our eyes
The thirty thousand annual victims rise,
The warm blood chills — we almost curse the clan
Who wage a war alike with God and man ;
Trample on justice, mock at misery's tale
And merey's tears, till even fiends grow pale ;
Afflict the wretched poor, insult the good,
And fatten on the price of human blood.

But, Mr. President, the certain destruction of the lives of a vast multitude who are now intemperate, is not, by any means, all we may anticipate of evil from the continuance of this traffic. As the ranks of reeling, bloated men are thinned by death, a further draught will be made on community to fill their places ; and O, sir, let us consider for a moment from what source this accursed agency is to draw its supply of future victims. Drunkards cannot be made from wood, stone, or other inanimate matter. No, sir ; the raw material which is to be worked up by this terrible system into a future army of drunkards, must be sought among the children and youth of the country. Some of the little ones who now play their childish gambols in your streets, and who, with their artless prattle, as they climb on the laps of parents,

“Do all their weary, carking cares beguile,
And make them quite forget their labor and their toil,”

are to be drawn into this whirlpool of misery and sin, if it be continued among us, and made as wretched and as vile as the drunkards who now stagger along our streets. The rum dealers among us, in this year of 1849, with all the light which now streams full on this infamous system, ask it as a privilege, — ay, more, they claim it as a right, —

To fill the poisonous cup for thoughtless youth,
Lure them from home, and from the paths of truth,
Into their soul-polluting sinks of sin ;
Prepare them for the pit, and thrust them in.
These are the *rights* they claim — they love them well —
Hired engineers upon the road to Hell.

Sir, while we allow the traffic in intoxicating drinks to be continued among us, we are permitting a lottery to be drawn in which disease and wretchedness, disgrace and death, are the only prizes ; and that too with our own children's names in the wheel of chance, some of whose names *must* be drawn against such prizes as I have named. I have sometimes wished that I possessed the power to look far enough into futurity to select those who are to become the future victims of intemperance in those communities where the traffic shall be tolerated. If I were possessed of such knowledge, and were engaged in the performance of that melancholy duty, I am quite sure I should visit some families where I should be not only an unwelcome but a most unexpected visitor. O, sir, if, through a mistaken policy, or the neglect of duty, the traffic in strong drink is to be continued in this town, I would to God that we could gather here in one group the little bright-eyed and fair-haired boys and girls who are to become its victims. I would have them arranged in the broad aisle before me, and then, pointing to the little band of doomed ones, I would ask the fathers and mothers of this town, "*Are you ready for the sacrifice ?* Shall these little ones be subjected to all the miseries of the drunkard's life, and all the horrors and hopelessness of the drunkard's death, that two or three of your citizens may live on the blood-stained profits

of this infamous business? Ay, and I would ask the retailers of strong drinks in this community, "Are *you* ready for the sacrifice? Are you willing to contribute your individual and respective shares of influence to poison, degrade, and utterly ruin these the children of your neighbors and fellow-citizens, body and soul, for the paltry consideration of so many dollars and so many cents?" If you have resolved on a course so ruinous, so unjust, so inhuman, and there shall not be found in this community energy enough to restrain you in your infamous career, I would say to you,

Go on — be rich even to your heart's desire,
And grasp with greedy hand each worldly good ;
But *know*, thy God will at thy hands require
Thy brother's blood.

But, sir, this traffic, if it be continued, will turn off, from time to time, scores, hundreds, ay, and if we include in our estimate the whole country, thousands of reckless and lawless men, to prey on the interests of honest citizens, and the fruits of honest industry, and to be provided with homes, at last, in our poor-houses, prisons, and hospitals, and there supported at the public expense. The traffic in strong drink never has and never can support itself and pay for repairing the mischief it causes even to the pecuniary interests of men. If it were possible to draw a line with perfect accuracy between the damage done to society by this traffic and that inflicted by other causes of mischief, and we were then to charge to the account of those engaged, wholesale and retail, in the traffic in strong drinks exactly their proportion of the bill, and compel the payment, it would reduce the whole class to hopeless bankruptcy. They know this perfectly well, but they know also that their very good-natured fellow-citizens have, in time past, consented to act the part of pack-horses for them, and to bear off on their well-worn shoulders any burdens rum-sellers have found it convenient to put upon them. They have unbounded confidence in our meekness and forbearance, and suppose that the future shall be as the past, in the matter we are considering.

Time will, however, convince them of their mistake, or you may set me down no prophet.

Three fourths of the pauperism, and four fifths of the crime, which burden and afflict society, are the result of the traffic and use of strong drink. Whenever a thorough investigation of the subject has been made, the result has shown these proportions. I have not known the correctness of that estimate called in question, either through the press or otherwise, during the last three years. No man of any pretensions to knowledge or character will venture now to call in question the accuracy of the statistics of intemperance, as they have been a thousand times given to the public within the last fifteen years; and with *such* facts before them, the men of New England must possess asinine qualities to a greater degree than I suppose, if they can long submit to such injustice. I do not propose here and now to examine in detail the operation of the system I am condemning on the various branches of business carried on in the community. At another time, if I shall again have the opportunity of addressing you, I may direct your attention more particularly to the warfare constantly waged by the traffic in intoxicating liquors upon all useful trades and occupations. It is sufficient for my present purpose that I call your attention to the general fact that all the industrial affairs of human society are continually embarrassed by that traffic, and that, from the nature of things, it ever must be so.

The traffic in intoxicating drinks, if continued, will put in jeopardy the lives of sober citizens, even those who hate and abhor the system, and who have long since resolved they will have nothing to do with it, except, when opportunity offers, to strike a blow at its existence. So long as men in any community are made reckless by strong drink, and thus disqualified for the proper performance of their duties, the most distressing casualties will frequently occur. Thousands of lives are lost annually in this country by the recklessness of men who have charge of our public conveyances. In these days, when

the tremendous agent, steam, is so extensively employed as a locomotive power, it is especially necessary that all persons whose business it may be to guide or control the movements of steamboats, railroad trains, stage-coaches, omnibuses, and the like, should be possessed of all the prudence and caution native to their constitutions, or excited by a sense of their responsibilities and the vast interest intrusted to their care. Now, sir, this traffic, if continued, will constantly present to the eye and the lips of those thus employed a temptation which has proved too strong for thousands, and, through the recklessness of some of that class of persons, some even of us here assembled may be torn to shreds by the wheels of a railroad car, or crushed to a shapeless mass in the crash of a stage or omnibus, driven recklessly upon a railroad track as the train is approaching a crossing; or we may be hurried into eternity by the unskilful management of a steamboat pilot, who has been rendered reckless or stupid by alcoholic influence.

The mass of our fellow-citizens do not seem so fully impressed as they should be with the utter unfitness of any individual who stimulates himself with alcoholic liquors to control the movements of a public conveyance, or to execute the orders of an individual on whom such responsibility is laid. The imminent danger there is in committing property or life to the care of a man who has contracted and who indulges an appetite for intoxicating stimulants, will more fully appear if we consider for a moment the peculiar influence exerted by such stimulants to destroy the controlling or regulating powers of men. There is a very marked distinction between the impelling and regulating forces of human beings. Each individual of our race is, in an important respect, like a steamboat. A steamboat has impelling forces on board, and she has also regulating forces; and on the proper balance of these, and their harmonious action, the perfection of her movements will depend. True, there are impelling forces *without*, or independent of the boat, which may accelerate or retard her

movements, and regulating force *may be* applied from without which may change her direction to a certain extent; but, with the steamboat, as with men, the principal forces which will give and regulate its movements must be sought for on board. Her impelling force is the *steam in her boilers*, the escape of which, being regulated and brought to bear on her machinery, give the boat motion, while the *helm* directs her course. Now, suppose, sir, you were to go on board a steam vessel, and, by throwing beneath her boilers an unusual amount of combustible materials, you were to double her usual impelling force; and suppose, when you had done this, you were to cut away one half the helm;—shall we have reason to be surprised now, if, in her future movements, she shall run on shore, or on the breakers, or shall, in her violent and irregular career, dash against any other craft which may have the misfortune to be moving in her vicinity? Certainly not. She moves with increased velocity, but her motions are ill regulated. Now, sir, I have said that man is, in one important point of view, like a steamboat. As in the case of the boat, there are influences operating around him and without him which may increase or diminish, to a certain extent, the momentum wherewith he moves forward in life; and there are influences operating around him, and independent of him, which may, to a certain extent, give direction to his movements. Nevertheless, it is true of the man, as of the steamboat, that the principal forces that impel him to action, and regulate his movements, so far as they may be regulated, must be looked for “on board,” or within the man.

But, sir, what are the impelling and regulating forces of human beings? What forces move and regulate the movements of the living mass of humanity around us? How the learned in mental and moral philosophy might answer that question I know not, for I never consulted books which treat professedly on that subject. I will, however, give you the answer which my professional studies and the observations of my life dictate. The impelling forces are the *passions* and

appetites common to us all, and those restless desires for good, for enjoyment, for happiness, or however we may term it, which are continually springing up in the human breast, and moving us forward, forward, forever forward in the pursuit of the object desired. That object may be the attainment of knowledge, wealth, fame, or power. It may seem just now before us, or it may beckon us from a distant region. It may have reference to this life, or another beyond the grave. Be the object desired and the period of anticipated possession what they may, the effect is the same — on, on, and still on, in the pursuit of some real or promised good, until we drop into our graves. Now, it must be evident to any mind of ordinary capacity, that, excited thus to activity, and driven forward in every conceivable direction to attain to the gratification of our appetites, passions, and desires, we should, at every step of our progress, come into collision with our fellow-men around us, and a horrible crash of conflicting elements would be the result, if we had not, like the steamboat, regulating forces on board. Terrible collisions do occur, are continually occurring, around us, in consequence of the want of a sufficient regulating force in the individuals who compose the moving mass.

What, sir, are those regulating or governing forces on which we must mainly rely to control men in their various movements and pursuits? *Reason and conscience*. A passion or appetite, natural or artificial, we will suppose, clamors for indulgence, and asks the assistance of the mind and the muscles to secure for it the means of gratification. But what says the government or regulating powers of that man to the proposed movement? His *reason* decides, perhaps, that it is *inexpedient*; that it will involve him in trouble; that the promised enjoyment will be followed, in some way, with an amount of suffering which would more than outweigh it in the scale of happiness. The voice of *conscience* decides that any effort to secure the gratification proposed will be *wrong, unjust, sinful*, and the will enforces the decision of reason and con

science, and positively forbids any movement in that direction. *That man* is a law to himself; he needs no force from without to prevent him from trampling on the rights of those about him. He has an excellent *form* of government, consisting of three departments; a house of representatives, a senate, and an executive — *reason, conscience, and will*. If the governing power of individuals were perfect, we should want no other form of government on earth. Legislatures, governors, courts, and prisons would be superfluous.

Now, sir, we see that the use of alcohol and other diffusible stimulants employed by our fellow-men produce the most terrible results imaginable. They occasion frightful collisions on every hand. Domestic brawls, street fights, mobs, and murders are the frequent and legitimate results of the use of intoxicating drinks and drugs. The reason of this will distinctly appear if we do but observe that they increase the impelling forces of individual men, while they enfeeble or totally destroy the regulating forces. Many a man has been prompted by a spirit of revenge to take the life of a fellow-being; but he could not, for a time, bring his muscles to the work. Why? The regulating powers were too strong for his wicked passions and desires. A law was enacted in that individual mind that the murder should not be committed. That law passed both houses, *reason* and *conscience*, by a clear and overwhelming vote, and the executive, the *will*, being in health, and qualified to act, gives its sanction to the law, and enforces it promptly, forbidding the muscles to act, to lift the murderous steel, or move one step at the bidding of revenge. Notwithstanding the prompt action of the self-governing powers in the case I have supposed, it may be that the passion of revenge has subsequently been gratified, and the murder committed. But how? The individual knew from observation, and perhaps previous experience, that intoxicating drinks would cripple or enfeeble the governing powers, which had restrained him, and he therefore swallowed a portion of *Satan's patent conscience-killer*, and, an hour afterwards, the hellish

passion of revenge was gratified, while the muscles, no longer held back by the voice of reason and conscience, or the mandate of the will, drove the steel to the heart of the victim.

Mr. President, the case I have supposed is by no means a rare one. Daily do numbers of our fellow-men around us avail themselves of the aid of intoxicating drinks to enable them to do the bidding of their passions or vicious propensities, freed from the restraint which reason and conscience would otherwise impose. Others, not aware of this tendency of strong drinks to increase the impelling forces, appetites, and passions, while it cripples the regulating forces, are, through the solicitations of friends, led to swallow a portion, and while under its influence, make shipwreck of character, of property, or life. The cautious and prudent man becomes, under their influence, reckless and abandoned. Give the stage-driver, who is noted for prudence and skill in the discharge of his duties, a glass or two of rum or brandy, and observe with what recklessness he dashes down the hill which, were he in the possession of his usual degree of regulating power, he would descend with the utmost care, and at a very moderate pace. Whichever way we turn, we see the terrible effects of recklessness occasioned by strong drinks. Steamboats and other vessels dash against each other, or upon the rocks, when officers or pilots are under the influence of strong drinks, and property and life to an appalling extent are thus sacrificed. More than one half of the so called *accidents* which occur on land and water may be justly charged to this same destructive influence; and yet there are those in this community, and in every section of our country, who would perpetuate the traffic in intoxicating drinks through all coming time.

But, Mr. President, and fellow-citizens, the certain destruction of vast numbers of those who are now intemperate; the consignment of thousands of the rising generation to the miserable life, and more miserable death, of the drunkard; the embarrassment of all useful branches of business, and the exposure of property and life by the recklessness of intoxicated

men ; all these, though enough, as we might suppose, to enlist the active energies of a whole community against the traffic in intoxicating drinks, do not by any means close the catalogue of evils which are sure to attend its continuance. It will continue to be, what it has ever been since the oldest persons in this assembly were able to observe its practical results, the most serious obstacle in the path of every organization or association established to promote the intelligence, morality, or social enjoyment of men, or the spread of the gospel through the world. It is not necessary that we go into detail on this point, the truth is so obvious. The village lyceum and public library find in the village tavern and dram-shop a too successful rival for the patronage of the public.

The discussions at the lyceum hall on great questions of public interest are not sufficiently exciting for those who are accustomed to the more intense but unprofitable excitements of the bar-room. Missionary, Bible, and Sabbath school societies have ever found, and, from the nature of things, must ever find, in the traffic in strong drinks, a most determined foe. Go to those who are putting forth efforts for the elevation of our seamen, or those who are toiling to give fuel, shelter, and employment to the emigrant or the native poor of our large cities, and ask any or all of them what, more than any other influences, hinders the accomplishment of their benevolent designs, and they will promptly answer, *intoxicating drinks*. This curse of the world throws itself directly across the path of every reformatory movement, and ever will do so while it is tolerated among us. It contributes more than any and all other influences to create *a necessity* for benevolent efforts, and tends more than any and all other influences to *embarrass and render them ineffectual*.

Such are some of the results which must, from the nature of things, inevitably follow the continuance of the traffic in intoxicating drinks in the community. What does it promise you of good in return ? Positively nothing. But some one may reply that alcoholic liquors are very good sometimes as a

medicine. Suppose we admit it; and does it follow that our taverns and stores are to be converted into apothecary shops, and the clerks of our public houses are to take upon themselves the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, and administering medicine? The oil or fat of the rattlesnake has been recommended as a very useful application in cases of chronic rheumatism; but suppose it be quite efficacious, is it therefore best to import a cargo of rattlesnakes, and allow them to crawl around our gardens and fields, that we may be sure and have a remedy at hand against a possible attack of rheumatism?

Mr. President, we have all enough of common sense to serve us in this matter if we will but exercise it. There are now many towns in New England from which the traffic has been driven out, and I have heard of no deaths from the want of medicine.

PROPS OF THE RUM TRAFFIC, AND WEAPONS OF THE ENEMY.

IN actual warfare, it is not only natural for, but important to those engaged in conflict, to ascertain, with as much accuracy as possible, not only the numerical strength of their opponents, but their means of offence and defence ; or, in other words, the number and character of those instruments with which they may protect themselves and assail others. With this view, spies are often sent to the enemy's camp, at imminent hazard to their own lives ; and in this way, information has often been obtained which has enabled the party obtaining it to secure signal advantages over their enemies.

Believing that it may be of some service to the temperance army to have a tolerably clear understanding of the means of defence and offence now in the hands of their legitimate opponents, we propose, in this article, to give to it the results of a pretty extensive observation, which we have been enabled to make, of the enemy's camp and defences. If we should be hanged as a spy for our pains, we shall have the consolation of knowing that better men than ourselves have ascended the scaffold, and the last request we shall make of our executioners shall be, that they will approach us on the leeward side of the platform, that the air which shall last visit our lungs may be uninfected.

The rum host encamped over against us, place their whole reliance, both for offence and defence, on four distinct instrumentalities. They are, —

First—SECRECY.

Secondly — FALSEHOOD.

Thirdly — THE ENTIRE DEVOTION OF THEIR POLITICAL POWER TO THE SUPPORT OF THE RUM TRAFFIC.

Fourthly, and lastly — THE INFLUENCE OF FEAR IN OUR CAMP, WHICH THEY CREATE BY OCCASIONAL AND MOST DASTARDLY ATTACKS UPON THE PERSONS AND PROPERTY OF THOSE WHO RENDER THEMSELVES CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR EFFORTS TO SUPPRESS THE TRAFFIC IN POISON.

These comprise their whole enginery for defence and assault; and, if we could find means to deprive them of the use of those four weapons, they would be rendered powerless in an instant, and the murderous system they are now sustaining would fall to the ground, with a crash which devils would hear with dismay.

We will proceed to remark, briefly, upon each of those instrumentalities — the mode or modes of its employment — its power, &c., as compared with others; hoping that we may thus aid the friends of temperance in the great work before them.

SECRECY.

Seecrecy is not always indicative of mischief; but where public sentiment is not utterly and hopelessly corrupt, a vile and infamous system cannot long continue to exist without it.

Our opponents understand this, and avail themselves of its aid in the prosecution of their nefarious designs. They have sought to hang an impenetrable veil around those establishments where factitious wines and adulterated liquors are prepared, with which the mass of drinkers are both imposed upon and poisoned. Enough, however, has been learned of those liquors, and the destructive and disgusting materials employed in their manufacture, to associate them forever, in the minds of those who have investigated the subject, with the delicate compound prepared by Macbeth's witches, some of the pre-

cious ingredients of which were, as enumerated by the second witch —

“Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder’s fork, and blind worm’s sting,
Lizard’s leg, and owlet’s wing —
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.”

They place screens *before* the bar, that the machinery and movements *behind it* may not be seen from the street. They curtain the windows of the liquor saloons and drinking establishments, of every grade, that the public eye may not look in on the infernal orgies of their inmates. They have invented a thousand names for their drinks, that the deluded men who swallow them may be enabled to call for what they desire in a language not understood by the uninitiated. The poorer victims of this infamous system they secrete, when they become helplessly drunk, in back rooms, sheds, barns, or narrow lanes, not troubling themselves to inquire whether they be thinly clad or otherwise, or whether the thermometer be above or below zero. The rich customer, whom they have rendered helpless by their poisonous draughts, they send home in a coach, when that old water-drinker, the sun, has gone to bed, and their auxiliary, night, has drawn her curtain around the scene. The coachman wont ‘peach,’ as he shares the plunder, and understands the ‘game.’ Secrecy, we repeat, is to the system indispensable. Pull off the disguises that are thrown around it — tear down the curtains, and push aside the screens, and let the blessed light of the sun, and the eyes of men, look in upon the doings within those hells upon earth, and they would be closed in a month, or the earth, which they pollute and curse, would be strewn with their fragments, by an injured and indignant community.

FALSEHOOD.

This stands number two on the list of their weapons of war. The whole system, comprising the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors, as a drink, when at the highest niche of its popularity, stood on a stupendous lie. It was established, and rested on the notion that the moderate use of alcoholic liquors was promotive of human health and happiness. This doctrine was long since exploded. The laws licensing the traffic, in accordance with the notion that it was promotive of the public good, should have been abolished long since ; for they are now known to rest on a false foundation, and are a disgrace to the statute-book of an intelligent and Christian people. But aside from the false notions of former days, the false system built upon them, and the false and destructive legislation which sanctioned and sustained the traffic, the whole system, as it *now* exists, from the mouth of the still to the stomach of the drunkard, is sustained by falsehood. Every link in the chain of its connections and dependences, has attached to it a well-understood and barefaced *lie*. The wholesale dealers, with very few exceptions, season half the sales they make with falsehoods, so as to veil the character of their business. They sell for imported wines and liquors, vile compounds of domestic manufacture. Casks, in which liquors have been imported, and which have the importer's brand upon them, they preserve, after they have been emptied of their contents, and filling them with cheap liquors, of their own mixing, they sell them for imported liquors. If any doubt is expressed, by the purchaser, as to the quality of the liquor, he is pointed to the importer's brand on the cask ; and, to place the matter beyond dispute, the dealer will draw, from his desk or pocket-book, the certificate of importation, which he has been careful to preserve ! Thus, by the monstrous frauds and falsehoods of the wholesale dealers, the consumers are imposed upon, and swallow oftentimes, with the alcohol, poisons even more destructive. Retail-

ers of liquors, nine out of every ten, whatever may be the cut of their coat, or the quality of its fabric, are systematic and notorious liars — made so from the nature of their business. They will, almost to a man, protest that they do not sell to men whom they know to be intemperate : yet not one in ten will scruple to do so. “ *He did not get his liquor here,*” is their stereotyped language, in relation to individual cases of drunkenness, attended with unusual circumstances of disaster or shame ; yet the language is more frequently false than true. “ *Your husband is not here, madam ; I have not seen him this evening,*” is often the reply to the anxious inquiry of the half-distracted wife, in pursuit of the father of her famishing little ones, when the black-hearted and cold-blooded villain, who utters those words, knows that the dissolute man is, at that very moment, within his doors, revelling with his drunken companions. It is seldom that an inquirer, however respectful, can get from a retailer of intoxicating drinks any thing like the truth in relation to any material point connected with his traffic.

Moderate drinkers, in nine cases out of ten, labor to deceive their friends in relation to the amount of liquors they consume. Men who would scorn to lie in relation to any other matter, will utter falsehood, without hesitation, if falsehood will contribute to secure to them the means of gratifying the all-controlling appetite for intoxicating stimulants. The wretched drunkard will stealthily creep to his concealed bottle, twenty times in the day, and saturate his bloated bulk with the contents ; and then, turning his glazed eye full upon you, and puffing in your face, at every breath, an atmosphere saturated with rum, he will declare to you that he has only drank two or three glasses in the course of the day, and will hiccup out a dozen oaths to confirm his statement. Casks, demijohns, and other inanimate receptacles of liquors, are often made to lie in the service, and for the support of this false and wicked system, bearing on their heads, or some prominent part of their bodies, the words, “ turpentine,” “ oil,” “ vinegar,”

"molasses," &c. ; any thing, in short, but the real name of their contents ; and thus they often go forth on their errands of death, with poison inside, and a lie on the surface. Every thing is made to utter falsehood in connection with this system. "*Here is your good health, sir*" — "*And yours, sir,*" mutually exclaim the genteel consumers of alcoholic drinks, as they bow to each other, glass in hand, across the dinner table, or before the tavern bar. They both utter falsehood, and in nine cases out of ten, they do it knowingly. If they would utter the language of truth, in such cases, they would exclaim, as they lift the poison to their lips — "*Here, my dear sir, is disease to us both — the clouding of our intellects, the depravation of our morals, the alienation of our social affections, weeping to our wives, and poverty to our children — and to ourselves, perhaps, delirium tremens and an untimely grave.*" Truth, however, would not answer their purpose. It would not add to the self-complacency with which they minister to a depraved animal appetite, and take another step toward a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell.

The impunity with which the infernal system is continued in those parts of New England where it is proscribed by law, is mainly purchased by the falsehood of its miserable victims, uttered in our courts of justice, and under the awful responsibilities incurred by an oath — by invoking a righteous God to witness to the truth of the testimony they are about to give. What is truly astounding, but almost universally true, is, that all parties who join in the support of this system, and who happen to be present at the courts where such wholesale perjury is committed, do grin and chuckle at such exhibitions of depravity, which well might make good men and angels weep. As with that great prop of the system, secrecy, so with falsehood — deprive the curse we are combating of the support of either, and it would vanish from the earth. The conditions of its present and future existence are fixed and immutable. It must wear a garment of secrecy, and breathe an atmosphere of lies, or die.

THE POLITICAL PROP.

A large proportion of the lovers of strong drink love it so ardently that they will, to secure a supply of it, sacrifice all their political preferences. Is Mr. Tippler a whig? He will desert his party, and be found voting with its political opponents, if his party, being in power, shall attempt to suppress the rum traffic. Is he a democrat? Rum is dearer to him than democracy; and should his party conceive it to be a part of their mission to banish rum from the territory over which they exercise political sway, he will break away from party attachments, and vote for any individual, party, or power that promises most certainly to secure the sale of rum. He may, indeed, profess to deprecate the carrying of temperance into politics; he will, nevertheless, employ his own vote, and, as far as practicable, the votes of others, to sustain his idol, and to crush every effort to annihilate an influence which is filling our poor-houses and prisons with inmates, the grave with untimely victims, and the hearts of thousands with unutterable anguish. The supporters of the rum traffic will, we repeat, almost universally sacrifice their political preferences for its maintenance; and, as few of our temperance brethren will give their temperance the first place in their affections, the traffic either gets a legal sanction, or the law is rendered in-operative by the neglect or connivance of executive officers.

THE LAST RESORT.

Where all the instrumentalities we have described fail to secure the end they aim at — impunity to sell and use intoxicating drinks to the extent of their wishes — the last shot in their locker is thrown with very considerable effect. They conclude that if Messrs. A, B, and C can be silenced or startled by some signal manifestation of rum vengeance, it will not only restrain them from further efforts, but will fill the less bold and active of the temperance men with alarm, and stop further proceedings on their part. Immediately thereupon,

some dastardly assault is made, under cover of darkness, on the property of some of the most active reformers. A fence is torn down—doors are defiled with filth—stacks or barns are burned—horses or cattle are mutilated—trees in the yard or orchard are girdled or sawed down; or, as in the recent case in Providence, R. I., powder is employed to blow up their buildings. Thus the rum fraternity seek to establish a reign of terror, which shall deter all, in their vicinity, who are engaged in efforts to put a stop to their iniquitous proceedings, from the further prosecution of their laudable designs.

Such, if we are not deceived, are the instrumentalities now relied upon by those who seek to fasten upon society, at least so long as they shall exist here, the most fruitful source of misery, crime, and death that is permitted to exist among men.

MEANS FOR REMOVING THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT,
IN JANUARY, 1849.

REPORTED FROM MEMORY, BY THE AUTHOR.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

For a number of evenings, I have labored to convey to the minds of those who have honored me with their attention, such views of the giant evil of our land, intemperance, as have been fixed in my own mind by much reflection, and a careful investigation of the subject, during a period of many years. If I have established in your minds the conviction of my own in relation to the nature and magnitude of the terrible scourge we are seeking to remove, and of our individual dangers and responsibilities connected therewith, you have already come to the conclusion that something ought to be done for its removal. But *what* shall be done? What *can* we do that may afford us a reasonable ground for hope that we shall ever be rid of the guilt and miseries of intemperance? It shall be the object of this discourse to answer these questions.

I know very well that when these questions come up for consideration, there are multitudes of faithless souls who at once begin to cry out, "You can't prevent it." "Do what you will, and all you can, and men will sell rum, and drink it, and

be drunkards.' So long as that notion finds a place in the opinions of a very large portion of our citizens, we certainly shall not remove the scourge, because we shall never agree to put forth the necessary efforts with that degree of energy and perseverance which are indispensable to success. But, sir, there is no *can't* about it. The *causes* and *sources* of the mischief are known, and they are all within the reach of human influence, and may be removed by the determined will and strong hands of freemen, or the belief in man's capability for self-government is unfounded, and our institutions built on that doctrine are but a house on the sand, or, to use a modern and very expressive phrase, "a magnificent humbug."

This is not "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," but "the destruction that wasteth at noonday." The contagion of yellow fever, plague, and cholera are mingled with the atmosphere, and invisible. We receive it before we are aware, and unless we fly our country, we may not escape its influences. What is the nature of the atmospheric changes which produce these terrible diseases, we know not. They are too subtle for our chemistry. We cannot detect the mischievous agent by any known tests. But, sir, we can *see* a distillery; and if we were blind, and could not, we might detect its presence by another sense, the organ of which is a near neighbor to the eyes. We understand the process by which the fruits of the earth are converted into its bane and curse, alcohol. There is no mystery about a rum bottle, a wine flask, or a beer barrel which we may not fathom. So well, indeed, are the causes of drunkenness understood, that, when one sees in the street an intoxicated man, the mind involuntary runs back to the dram-shop, tavern, or liquor store where he obtained the poison which has unmanned him, and, without waiting for the decision of judge or jury, we pass instant condemnation on the vile business which thus degrades and injures our fellow-men, and on the individual who makes himself a voluntary agent of so much mischief and misery. I repeat it, so far as that curse of curses, intemperance, is concerned, the relation

between *cause* and *effect* is now traced with perfect ease. Who now can pass a distillery without thinking of its legitimate fruits — diseased, bloated, degraded, and ruined men, dilapidated buildings and wasted estates, broken hearts and untimely graves? The distillery, liquor shop, and the tavern, where strong drink is furnished to men, are *facts* from which degradation and drunkenness, the poor-house, the prison, and the grave are natural *inferences*. There is not now in New England one temperate man in ten who can pass a team loaded with gin or brandy casks, apparently filled, and on their way to the country, without its being instantly associated in his mind with the degradation which is sure to attend its consumption. Sir, if the skeleton king, and a delegation of devils, were to dance along the road in rear of such an accursed freight, the hint of its consequences would scarcely be more distinct, to sober, rational men, than is now afforded by the sight of those casks.

Sir, the causes are not only understood, but they are all *within the reach of human hands*. If Mr. A. B. can tinker out of sheet copper a tea-kettle for Satan, and set it boiling, I can dash cold water on the fire, and, with a sledge hammer, break the kettle in pieces. “But such a course would be contrary to law.” Then legalize it by your will and votes, and make me sheriff of the county, and your agent to do that work, and, God helping me, you shall have no occasion to complain of my neglect of official duties. Muscles and sledge hammers were never better employed than they would be in demolishing those accursed structures which, swallowing up, as they do, immense quantities of fuel, and the fruits of the earth, while thousands lack for fire and bread, send out in return a ceaseless torrent of disease and death upon a suffering world. If men can erect, in one of our beautiful villages, a grog-shop, fill it with the materials of mischief, call about them the reckless and vile, and, after having dedicated it to the work of death by an evening’s debauch and carousal, set in earnest about the work of ruining our youth, and cursing all the inter-

ests of that community, why shall not the strong hands of the sober and moral portion of that community empty the vile concern of its inmates and contents, and bar its doors against their return? or, if that be not effectual, pile the shattered fragments of that little village hell "heaps upon heaps"? "Why, it would be contrary to law." Then amend your laws, and let their sanction be given to such a righteous work. You can authorize the sheriff now to take forcible possession of the *tools* of him who counterfeits your coin, and he may destroy them by order of the court; and why may he not make the same disposition of those tools, which, as John Pierpont once expressed it, are employed to mar God's image, and turn off counterfeit men upon the community?

Mr. President, if society may not protect itself from such a system of wrong and outrage, under our form of government, then our government is not worthy of the encomiums pronounced upon it. But, sir, there is no question about our *ability* and *right* to sweep this whole system from the face of society, just as soon as the sober, moral, and Christian portion of community are prepared to do their duty in the premises. But by what means shall they be prepared? I answer, first of all, let every man who has come to the light on this subject set before his fellow-men a consistent example. Let him abstain now, and always, from the use of *any* form or mixture of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Let this be a matter of principle, the result of a firm, settled conviction of duty; and let every one who desires to add his influence to that blessed tide which shall sweep the curse from the earth, see to it, that the cause of temperance is never dishonored and wounded by his personal inconsistency. I care not how much a man may declaim against this evil, nor what efforts he may put forth to promote the cause — he will accomplish but very little if it be understood that he ever allows himself to employ intoxicating stimulants, of any kind, as a drink, under any circumstances. Those whom he may seek to reclaim from habits of intemperance will, if he be known to use the article at all, taunt

him with his inconsistency, and thereafter all his words are vain. The argument for personal abstinence has been so frequently and strongly urged, of late years, by almost every one who has opened his mouth in the advocacy of the temperance cause, and I have myself, on former occasions, and before this people, given my views so fully on that branch of the subject, that I do not feel it necessary to dwell longer, at the present time, on the duty and influence of personal example, and will, therefore, only remark that, as it is the most noiseless instrumentality we can employ in the work of reform, so it is the most effective.

Next to the power of consistent example as a reformatory influence, I would reckon the plain and forcible utterance of the truth in relation to all points of this great question. In relation to the subject of temperance, as well as most other matters, our success, will in a great measure, depend upon timing our efforts aright. An attempt to sustain a series of social meetings for a number of evenings in succession, during the month of July, and in an agricultural community, would necessarily result in a failure, and should not therefore be attempted. We should do more harm than good, in a majority of cases, were we to attempt a labored argument on this subject in the midst of a thoughtless and half-intoxicated rabble. That is not the place, and those are not the circumstances, most favorable to secure a hold for the truth on the consciences of men. The same thoughtful exercise of our common sense should guide us, also, in the manner of presenting the truth, as well as in the choice of time and place. If we would be successful in winning men to the embrace of our cause and principles, we must study the subject thoroughly, and understand, so far as may be possible, the practical bearing of intemperance on the business and interests of the persons we address. When addressing an irreligious man, who seems to be scarcely aware of possessing a spiritual nature, a title to immortality, what good influence can we hope to exert on his mind by an argument to convince him that the use of strong drinks is prejudi-

cial to the religious interests of men, that it greatly hinders the work of spreading the gospel, &c. ? Our argument does not touch him at all. There may be, however, avenues to *his* heart. We may move him to aid us in advancing our cause, by the presentation of motives he is prepared to appreciate. He may be a hard-working, industrious man, a great lover of dollars, and one who is very careful in relation to his expenditures. What string will you pull with that man ? Foot up his tax bill, and show him, by incontestable facts, that three fourths of the tax he annually pays is drawn from his pocket by the influence of, and to repair the mischief wrought by, the rum traffic. He will listen to you while you talk on *that* subject, and, if he be not himself a slave to the bottle, and you can clearly prove to him that this detestable system, against which we are warring, calls for ten dollars of his hard-earned gains annually, to support it, he will rebel, and join you in your warfare against it. If the striking characteristics of another of your neighbors be the strength of his social affections, and he have a family of sons and daughters growing up around him, talk to that man of the terrible havoc which strong drink has made in the domestic circle. Remind him that one of three sons in the family of Mr. A. has been ruined by the traffic and use of strong drink ; and of the fact that two daughters of Mr. B. have had their hopes of happiness for this life crushed by the drunkenness of their husbands ; that one of them has already been obliged to leave her young husband, transformed, almost daily, to a demon by intoxicating drinks, and has, with her little ones, gone back to her father's house, her heart broken, and her hopes and prospects blasted, scathed as with the lightning's stroke. While you talk to your neighbor of these terrible results of the dram-shop, which, perhaps, stands within a hundred rods of his own door, and remind him of the danger to which every family is exposed by this terrible curse, a fire kindles in his heart and gleams from his eyes, and he will declare his readiness to go with you to the death against this Moloch of civilization. If conversing

with a truly religious or Christian man, point him to the sad havoc made within the pale of the church by this terrible destroyer, and its influence to hinder the spread and power of truth on the hearts and consciences of men, and you need go no farther with that man. If he be a Christian indeed, you will win him.

I have thus far spoken only of the presentation of the truth to individual minds. Much may be done for the promotion of the cause by a series of social meetings, in which all the points of this great question may be discussed in a familiar way, by the citizens of that particular community. It is a sad, I had almost said a fatal, mistake for the friends of temperance, in any place, to suppose that nothing can be done for the advancement of the cause by public meetings, unless they can have the presence and listen to the voice of some individual from abroad who has made himself quite distinguished as an advocate of the cause. Social meetings, where the farmer and mechanic, the merchant and the professional man, may each in turn express his views on the subject, and detail the results of his own personal experience and observation, are, in my opinion, among the most efficient means of promoting the spread and permanency of the principles and practice we recommend.

Nor are the modes I have recommended the only ones by which you may present the important truths elicited by the temperance reformation to the minds of your fellow-citizens who have not yet heartily embraced the cause. The general distribution of temperance publications would, I am well persuaded, accomplish an amount of good in almost any part of our great field of labor which would a thousand times pay the expense of their purchase. Of these we have now a great variety; so that whoever shall attempt the diffusion of temperance truth through that instrumentality may find something adapted to the condition of any and every part of the country. The Temperance Tales, from the pen of L. M. Sargent, Esq., have, with the blessing of God, effected the

reformation of thousands. In my rambles through New England, in connection with this subject, I frequently find individuals whose first impressions favorable to the temperance cause date from the perusal of one of those little messengers of mercy. I much doubt whether it be possible for any individual not utterly destitute of sensibility, and hopelessly corrupted by a long, unbroken course of sin, to read "My Mother's Gold Ring," or "John Hodges, the Blacksmith," and not have kindled in his breast a deep feeling of hatred against the vile system we are laboring to annihilate. The "Temperance Manual," by Dr. Edwards, the writings of T. S. Arthur, and a prize essay by Rev. Mr. Ketchell, are valuable contributions to our temperance literature. But, I fancy some one may reply, the purchase of books, tracts, &c., for distribution, would involve expense which we can ill afford. Sir, can you better afford to pay your money to repair the mischief intemperance may produce than to pay it for the removal of the evil? If citizens will pay nothing for the support of a fire department in our large villages and cities, they will occasionally have to foot the bill for a new house. For one, I had much rather be taxed annually twenty-five per cent. on all my earnings, to secure the annihilation of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, than that my children should be exposed to its influences, and my purse be made to bleed annually for the support of its miserable victims. The periodical press, devoted to the advocacy of temperance principles, should receive a cordial and steady support from all who would secure the prosperity of the enterprise. In concluding my remarks on this branch of our subject, let me earnestly exhort those before me to watch for occasions of doing good by the utterance of truth in conversation. Such an occasion may present itself in a public conveyance, in the social circle, in the lyceum hall, or the Christian conference.

We have an old proverb, "Where there is a will, there is a way;" and its truth was never more manifest than in reference to the temperance cause. Let there be in the heart of the

individual a sincere desire to contribute what he or she may to mould and correct the opinions of others on this subject, and occasion will not be wanting.

Mr. President, I beg you, and your fellow-citizens here, to give no place in your minds to the false notion that the time for *associated efforts* has passed. The formation of temperance societies where none have been organized, and the preservation and enlargement of those which do exist, are, at the present moment, as it seems to me, absolutely indispensable. We need them to add force to individual example. The united testimony of hundreds together, uttered through a resolution or public address, has attached to it a degree of respect which the separate testimony of the individuals could not command. I will not detain you with a labored argument in favor of preserving the integrity of our temperance organizations, but content myself with expressing the opinion that whatever other instrumentalities we may employ for the advancement of the cause, we shall fail of securing our object if we do not avail ourselves of the advantages to be derived from the principle of association. The *pledge* of total abstinence is still our sheet anchor; and may the day be distant when the friends of temperance shall abandon its employment.

If, sir, the good people of Bridgeport would reform such of their fellow-citizens as have become habitually intemperate, whose physical constitutions are suffering from infirmities and diseases produced by alcohol, they must adopt with them the Washingtonian method. You must consent to make considerable sacrifices for their sakes. The manifestation of a deep interest in their welfare—frequent visits—liberal aid to their families—kind exhortation, urged with great importunity, to take the pledge and keep it—a separation, so far as is practicable, from old and vicious associates, and the removal from their vicinity of the sources of temptation, where that desirable object may be effected;—these are the means on which you must rely for the rescue of the wretched drunkard from the doom which otherwise awaits him. Nor should your interest

in or care of such an individual cease when you have obtained his name to the pledge. It may be months before he will recover his native resolution and bodily health, and during all that period he must be watched over with great solicitude. Should he fall, fly to his rescue at once, and give him the assurance that he is not to be abandoned and given up to the tender mercies of the rum-seller.

Something more must be done, however, besides the diligent employment of the means I have recommended, before this city, or any section of our country, can be effectually rid of the curse of drunkenness. The traffic in intoxicating liquors must be prohibited by law, and that law must be sternly and steadily enforced. The penalty of the law must be something more than a paltry fine of ten or twenty dollars. It should bear some proportion to the magnitude of the offence. There are few offences committed against the peace, safety, and best interests of society, which, in my opinion, are of a more grave nature, or demand a more stern penalty, than that of supplying to reckless men the means of intoxication. It should be punished more severely than assault and battery, theft, resistance to the laws, participation in riots, wanton destruction of property, &c., for it produces all these offences, or nine tenths of them. All other causes put together do not produce so much misery and disorder in this city as the sale and use of intoxicating drinks. The traffic, so far as concerns the furnishing of it to men as a beverage, is not called for by any necessity of man or society; and, as it is productive of incalculable mischief, it should be at once and forever prohibited. This is the instrumentality on which we must ultimately rely for removing the curse of drunkenness from the world. To its employment, a variety of objections have been urged, some of which I will briefly consider. One of the most common is expressed in language like this: "You cannot control the appetites of men by law, and it is therefore idle to attempt it." We do not propose to attempt it. We propose to control *traffic* by law; and surely that is not a new thing under the

sun. More than half the laws in our statute-book were enacted for the regulation of trade—of traffic between man and man. How the notion got into the heads of men that the business of selling rum should be an exception to that general rule which applies to all forms of traffic from which fraud or mischief may be anticipated, I cannot tell. But the objector may reply, that the law, in relation to other articles of commerce, does not attempt to prohibit their sale, but merely to regulate it. Well, sir, what is meant by *regulation*? I suppose that term is used to signify such a control of the traffic in any particular article as shall secure the community against injurious results. Restrictions are put on the trade in gunpowder just so far as is supposed to be necessary to protect community from the danger of explosions, which might destroy life and property. Any regulation which falls short of that object must be of little avail. Well, sir, I shall be entirely content with *such* a regulation of the traffic in spirituous liquors. Such a regulation will allow alcoholic liquors to be furnished for use in the arts, and as a medicinal agent, and sternly forbid any other form of traffic in those articles. Let such a law as that be passed, and properly enforced, and more good would result therefrom, to Connecticut, than from all laws enacted in the state for the last twenty years. Traffic in those articles, to be employed as an intoxicating stimulant for men in health, can never be regulated, for all *such* traffic is, in its very nature, an irregularity, a nuisance, and a curse to community.

But methinks I hear some one inquire, “Why are you not willing to rely for the reformation of the rum-seller on kind words and friendly exhortations, on appeals to his reason and his conscience, when you see those instrumentalities so effective in the case of the drunkard?” I have frequently had that question put to me, and sometimes, sir, there has been added this precious piece of logic: “The rum-seller is of the same flesh and blood as the victim of his traffic: they have a nature in common, like passions, and like sympathies; and why,

then, would you treat one with great tenderness, and the other with great severity ? ” The answer to all that is a very plain one. Their situation and circumstances are entirely dissimilar. Consider their condition for a moment. The drunkard has, in a majority of cases, lost property, health, friends, and, worst of all, his own self-respect and confidence in himself. Law can do him no good. It will not restore his lost property, health, friends, or self-confidence. He is in a condition that demands our sympathy, for, in the face of good resolutions, often formed, and as often broken, he is dragged downward by the terrible power of an artificial appetite, which he has not *now* the resolution to master. Speak to him kindly on the subject, and tender to him the warm sympathies of your heart, and express to him your readiness to assist him in any effort he may make to escape from the difficulties which surround him, and, in a vast majority of cases, your efforts will not be in vain. Secure his confidence by acts of kindness, and you may often lead him whithersoever you please. Let us now look at the condition of the rum-seller. Does he feel the need of sympathy, or that he is entitled to it ? He is not, like the drunkard, destitute of money, friends, or self-confidence. He is the keeper of a public house, a splendid liquor saloon, or a dram-shop. In either case, he has money, for the tipplers and drunkards of the community pour into his till a shower of sixpences. He has scores of friends around him, such as they are, and they have always for him a word of cheer and encouragement. He is assured by them that they will stand by him to the last, &c., &c. There are always those around his establishment who are ready to do his bidding, whether it be to draw water, saw wood, or cleanse his stable. Oftentimes our rum-seller drives the fastest horse in the neighborhood, and when he wishes to take a ride, some of his satellites are ready to harness the horse to the carriage and bring him to the door. His table, nine times in ten, is better furnished than the tables of his fellow-citizens, for his cash is easily obtained, and he thinks he can afford to live well. The world, he says,

owes him a living, and he intends to have it. Such is the condition of a majority of our rum-sellers. Now, sir, is he in a condition to be favorably influenced by the tender of your sympathies? Why, he does not consider himself an object of sympathy, and should you approach him with a manifestation of sympathetic regard, he will tell you so. He will slap his well-lined pocket, and hint to you, without a great show of delicacy, that he can take care of himself. There is not that want of self-confidence which we found in the case of the poor drunkard. O, no! He fancies that he is *the* man of the country, and can walk over the laws of God and man—over your rights, my interests, and the hearts that are breaking around him, rough shod. Hint to him that, by his traffic, he is producing indescribable mischief and misery around him, and he will tell you to mind your own business, and he will take care of his. Mr. President, to talk about bringing men thus situated to abandon a wicked but lucrative business by kind words and sympathetic appeals, is uttering nonsense, if there be such a thing on earth. The rum-sellers of 1849 will never be led to abandon the infamous business in which they are engaged, except by an appeal to their fears—fear of pecuniary loss, or the loss of their liberty, or fear of final and terrible retribution when death shall overtake them, and they shall be brought before that tribunal from whose righteous awards they can have no hope of escaping through the false testimony of those their traffic has ruined.

The Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, one of the most able and eloquent of our temperance advocates, in a discourse delivered in Faneuil Hall, a few years since, uttered the following language, in the most impressive tone and manner possible:—

“Mr. President, when I can make an individual engaged in this murderous and infamous business see and *feel* that if there is a being on earth who deserves from man a halter, and from God a hell, it is a rum-seller, then, sir, I have some hope of his abandoning the business without legal coercion, and I have no hope until then.”

The utterance of that sentiment is all the evidence I want that the reverend gentleman understood the character of the men of whom he was speaking. Pearls should not be cast before animals which will trample them under their feet. With what words shall I go to a rum-seller of 1849? The character and influence of his traffic have been now subjects of earnest and public discussion for the last quarter of a century. The elements of society all around him have been stirred in relation to the subject. He is not, he cannot be, a stranger to that fact. He knows, every man of them knows, what the mass of good men around them think of their business: "Horrible effects of Intemperance!" "Another Rum Tragedy!" and the like, in staring capitals, meet their eyes, every week, as they run them over the columns of our newspapers; and the detail answers to the character of the heading. A man with a bottle of rum in his pocket, and a part of its contents in his stomach, has taken a nap on the track of some one of our railroads, and waked up in eternity; or perhaps an individual transformed to a demon by strong drink, has buried the blade of a knife in the bosom of her whom, at the altar, before God and man, he swore to love, protect, and cherish. That knife, it may be, pierced a heart which glowed to the last throb with an undying love for the wretched being who has stilled its pulsations forever. The rum-seller reads, from time to time, the details of such horrible tragedies, produced by intoxicating drinks; and how does it affect him? Does it soften his heart, and cause him to relent? No, sir, nothing of the sort. He lays down the paper on one end of the counter, walks straight to the other, and, with an untrembling hand, fills up the cup of poison for another victim. Sir, such men should be restrained by law. For our wise legislators to busy themselves in the enactment of statutes for the protection of pigeon bees and oyster beds, for the "pounding" of vicious cattle, the muzzling of dogs, &c., while no efficient laws are passed to protect the innocent sufferers from this infernal traffic, is tending to bring law into contempt. Sir, legislators who can, in

1849, make such an exhibition of their folly and weakness, should be "recommitted" to the district school.

But, Mr. President, there is another mistake, which some men make in relation to the subject now under consideration, which should be corrected as soon as practicable, because it tends materially to weaken the faith of many in the power of legal measures to cut off the sources of drunkenness. They conceive that the general principles which fix the relation of demand and supply are applicable to intoxicating liquors, as well as other articles of commerce. Sir, that is a mistake. In most cases, demand precedes supply. When you and I made our debut into this breathing world, we brought with us certain demands. Certain necessities of our animal life called for a prompt supply. Among these were the demands for nutriment, clothing, and, if those memorable events occurred during the winter months, for warmth also. Food, clothing, and fuel are all, therefore, necessities of our animal life, in this climate. As we advanced in years, the development of our bodies, intellects, and social affections created additional demands, and these called for their appropriate supplies. Now, in all cases where the demand *precedes* supply, it will be found impossible to prevent the latter to any great extent, and for any considerable period of time. The demands of our animal, intellectual, and social nature will continue to clamor until supply comes. But, sir, I should like to have some of our philosophers inform us at what period in the life of an individual a demand for intoxicating stimulants is *self-created*, or grows out of the progressive development of our animal organs, powers, and faculties. The demand which we find in many human constitutions for tobacco, opium, alcoholic liquors, and other intoxicating agents, is not a natural one, which *must* and *will* exist in each successive generation, do what we may; nor does it necessarily spring up from the progressive civilization or improvement of our race. Their consumption certainly is not necessary to the highest conceivable state of society. Whence, then, comes this demand

for intoxicating liquids? It is created by a previous supply. The vile system which I am urging you to annihilate, to sweep from the face of the earth it has too long cursed, first introduces alcoholic stimulants to the stomachs of our healthy children, through the instrumentality of custom or fashion, or at the urgent solicitation of some one who has become a slave to it, and wishes to secure companionship in his folly. Again and again is this urging process repeated, and the article thus gets an opportunity to produce its legitimate effect on the stomach. An appetite is at length *created*; and now comes your *demand* for a further supply. *Supply* here *precedes* demand, and always must, in the case of every healthy son and daughter of Adam. The truth may be briefly stated thus: this *system*, or *means of supply*, first creates a demand which did not exist in the constitution of the man, and then pleads the existence of that demand as a reason for its own continued existence. There is in the constitutions of our children no demand for intoxicating compounds; and, sir, let us, so long as God shall give us power, stand between them and those who would create such a demand. Sir, we must cut off the sources of supply.

A common objection against the employment of legal measures to aid us in removing the scourge of intemperance, is expressed in language like this: "You cannot drive men," "You may *persuade* them, but you cannot *drive* them," &c., &c. I marvel greatly that men can allow themselves to employ language so thoughtlessly in relation to a question of so much importance as the one we are considering. Neither common sense nor common observation warrants the use of such language. "Men cannot be driven!" Did those who utter such language ever see men run out of a burning house, or seek shelter from the pelting storm by hastening into a house? I wonder if men who talk thus would prove the truth of their words by meeting full in the teeth a mad dog, who, with foaming mouth, was hurrying along the street. Their good sense would, I think, prove too hard for their philosophy. Sir, man,

like other animals, is subject to the influence of fear. Let objects of terror approach him, and he will fly with all the speed he can command from the threatened danger. Some of our rum-sellers have proved the truth of that sentiment, within a few months past ; for when the sheriff has been seen by them approaching their premises, they have been seized with a sudden panic, and given, as it is sometimes expressed, leg bail for security. The sheriff has so little power of attraction that they have swung out of their accustomed orbit as he approached it, and their centrifugal force has astonished beholders. "Men cannot be driven!" I much wonder if those who use such language ever heard of the rout of armies. Did they ever read of the flight of the French from Russia? Sir, I should not like to confess myself altogether a coward, and yet I have repeatedly been driven in the course of my life; and, at other times, I have made others quicken their pace to escape from the vicinity of such objects of terror as I had mischievously placed in their path. Sir, I will not waste more words on such miserable nonsense as is contained in the language I have quoted. Those engaged in the traffic in intoxicating liquors will not long expose themselves to the risk of being compelled to accompany the wretched victims of their cupidity to the jail, the house of correction, or the state prison. Let the statute-book declare their traffic what it really is, a crime, and affix to it a penalty proportionate to its enormity and the extent of the mischief it inflicts on society, and let there be manifested by the sober, intelligent, and moral portion of the community a fixed and manly determination to see that law respected, and the day of jubilee is at hand.

But I fancy I hear some one reply, "If you get such a law, you will not enforce it." Well, sir, should that prove to be true, we shall be indebted for so disastrous a result to such miserable croakers and cowardly poltroons as yourself. What is a republican government good for, if the will of an immense majority of its citizens, expressed in a statute law, is not to be respected? That everlasting cry of, "You cannot enforce

it," uttered by political jugglers, "pigeon-livered" cowards, and certain professional gentlemen, who will consent to lie by the hour for a fee, are doing more to perpetuate the curse of the rum traffic in community than the influence of all the rum-sellers, tipplers, and toppers in the land. I do not know but I have sinned in so doing, but, sir, I have a thousand times wished that such miserable croakers could, for one hour, change places with some poor drunkard's wife, whose husband is sent home nightly, from the grog-shop, to abuse her helpless little ones, and to finish his evening's exercises by dragging her around the apartment by the hair of her head. If it were necessary to the success of such an experiment, and the enlightening of their understanding, I could wish that, on such an occasion, the operator might not be incommoded by the shortness of their hair. I would wish them the beautiful, flowing locks of an Absalom.

Carefully observe the conduct of those who are continually whining out, "You cannot enforce the law," and, in nine cases out of ten, your observation will convince you that they, from their souls, desire the very failure they predict. Doubtless there are those who honestly believe what they utter when they use such language, while they would rejoice to see the traffic come to a perpetual end; but, in my opinion, their proportion to the mass of croakers is as a thimble-full of the real California to an acre of sand. In many towns in the state of Massachusetts, and in some of the other New England states, the law *has been*, and *still is*, enforced, and the traffic has come to an end, within the limits of these towns, to the great joy of hundreds, who have been severe sufferers from its continuance. What *has been* done in a part of our territory can be done in the remainder of it, when the people become thoroughly awakened to a sense of their danger and their duty. Under a republican government, the very existence of which implies a respect for the will of a majority, any man should be ashamed to say "it cannot be enforced," in relation to a righteous, constitutional law, intended to rid community of an

acknowledged and wide-spread evil. Others object to the employment of legal measures for the suppression of the rum traffic, on the ground that we shall, by attempting it, lessen the power of other instrumentalities, and thus hinder the progress of the cause, instead of promoting it. This class of objectors embraces many sincere friends of temperance, of whose opinions and sentiments I cannot speak but in terms of respect. I think their fears are groundless, and exhort all such to stand at their posts firmly — to be diligent in the employment of other instrumentalities — and allow those who believe legal restraint to be necessary, to act in accordance with their convictions, without having the difficulties in their way increased by the objections of brethren.

Some persons say to us, “You are getting on very well in your enterprise ; you have accomplished a vast deal of good ;” and they ask, “Why are you not satisfied with doing well ?” I answer, because we wish to do better. We do not wish to be employed through life in pulling men out of the fire, and all the while be silent spectators of the efforts of others who are continually pushing them in. We are not content to be busied, day after day, in putting up the fence on one side of the field, while mischievous rogues are as busily engaged, on the other side, in pulling it down.

Mr. President, while laboring to present to my fellow-citizens of Worcester, Massachusetts, a few years since, the hardship of our present position, and the necessity of striking a blow at the *causes* of intemperance, while laboring to repair the mischief inflicted by it, I blundered into the use of the following illustration : “You know, fellow-citizens,” said I, “that, in a bowling alley, when being employed for its usual purposes, there are two parties — one who make it their business to bowl down the pins, while the other picks them up and arranges them again on the alley. While the boy is picking up the pins, you will often hear the other party uttering the language of encouragement and commendation — ‘That is right, my fine fellow.’ ‘Pick them up, my brave boy,’ &c. ; and occasionally

they will toss him a penny or two to encourage him to further efforts. What does all this mean? Do they admire the arrangement of the pins, and will they allow them to stand thus? By no means. They have bowled them down repeatedly, and intend to bowl them down again. They think they secure to themselves pleasure and profit by the exercise; and when their little servant has gotten them nicely arranged, you will hear them exclaim, 'There, now, just stand out of the way, my lad,' and down comes the ball, thundering along the alley, and away go your pins again, knocked helter-skelter all about the apartment. 'There, my fine fellow, pick them up again,' &c., &c., until they are quite satisfied with their sport. Thus," said I, "it is with the rum-sellers and their servants, the temperance men. While we are content to pursue the course recommended by some, and confine our efforts to the lifting up of those whom their accursed traffic has bowled down, even the rum-sellers will deign to pay us a compliment. '*There, now,*' say they, '*is true temperance.* We do not believe in this attempt to drive people into temperance; but this, *this* is true temperance. No man can reasonably say one word against such efforts as these. *Such* labors will do good!" All this I have heard from the lips of rum-sellers, and, in some instances, I have known them to contribute to societies who would confine themselves exclusively to reformatory efforts. Their words of commendation sounded to me amazingly like, 'Pick up the pins there, my fine fellow!' But, sir, when we have lifted up from the cold earth our unfortunate brother, and taken him to a place of safety; when we have put clean clothes upon him, and, with kind words, have induced him to sign the pledge; when we have restored him to his family, a sober man, and seen tears of gratitude stealing down the cheeks of his wife and his little ones; ay, after we have heard the song of joy ascend from that home which was late the abode of wretchedness, — what else, sir, have we seen? We have seen that poor man seduced from the path of safety and peace, and reeling along the

street, or prostrate in the ditch, himself again disgraced, the hopes of his family blasted, and the hearts of those who had toiled for his rescue well nigh discouraged, while they have been subjected to further trial and sacrifices for his sake. Whence, sir, came the accursed influence that tumbled our partially reformed friend into the ditch again? It came from the shops and bars of those fiends in human form, who, but last week, were hypocritically commending the efforts of those who had labored for his rescue. They it was, who, by their vile traffic, have bowled him down; and some of them, sir, will tell the story of his relapse with evident glee.

Mr. President, I will go as far as justice to my family will allow in aiding my brethren to lift up our unfortunate fellow-men from the degradation to which they have been reduced by the influence of a depraved appetite and this vile traffic. I have, in my time, done something in that line of business. My roof has sheltered them, and from my table they have fed for months, when I hardly knew where I was to obtain the money with which to purchase my next barrel of flour; and I have been richly rewarded for my labor. Funds thus invested pay into the soul a larger per cent. than railroad or bank stock. I repeat, sir, I have done this, and, according to my ability, I am ready to join my fellow-citizens in further efforts to rescue the fallen; but I ask them, in turn, to join me in saying, through the laws of the land, to the unprincipled villains who would bowl them down to the ditch again, with the voice of an earthquake, if it were possible, "*Cease your vile work! Roll again at your peril!*"

Sir, there are those who are continually exhorting us to the exercise of patience and forbearance, and dissuading from the employment of more rigorous measures; but I have uniformly found, on inquiring, that they are not of those who are actively engaged in the work of reform. Men who have toiled for years in the enterprise, and who have been continually called upon to make sacrifices for its advancement, are a little in haste to see the vile system with which they are warring come

to an end. It is easy for men who are too lazy and selfish to toil for the good of others, and who have not sensibility enough to be distressed at the spectacle of human misery, to preach patience to reformers. Men who *feel*, and are willing to work, are generally in a hurry to relieve suffering, and cut off the sources of future mischief.

The situation of temperance reformers is peculiarly trying, for men who can sympathize with the suffering, and feel indignation against wrong and injustice. I will try to make that truth more obvious by the employment of a homely illustration. Standing on the bank of a river, we see our fellow-men, one after another, hurried along by the current to the cataract below. They plunge down, and we see them no more. The boiling vortex has swallowed them up. We cannot stand idle spectators of such a scene, and we hasten to the rescue. A cord or cable is drawn across above the fall, and firmly secured; and, by its aid, we are able to run our boat out into the very middle of the stream, and pluck from the whirling, eddying waters our half-strangled and struggling fellow-men. We bear them to the shore, and give them over to the care of friends who had counted them lost, but who greatly rejoice at their rescue. Elated with our success, we are once more upon the river, and again return to the shore with a blessed freight of rescued men; and thus the work goes on. But what influence sends down this continued succession of half-drowned men? Rumors reach us that influences are operating farther up the stream, which produce the mischief we deplore. Leaving some of our brethren to man the boat, and continue the benevolent efforts in which we have been engaged, a number of us explore the banks above, and, to our astonishment, find men busily engaged, from morning until night, in catching and thrusting into the stream all who come within their reach, and whom they can overpower. Now, sir, will you advise us to go down again to the verge of the cataract, and there expose ourselves to wet and cold, to night watchings and fatigue, to the end of our lives, in efforts to save our half-drowned fellows

from the doom to which they are hurrying, and take no measures to put a stop to the infernal business carried on just above? Sir, however lookers on may advise, we will not consent to do it. We will see to it, that the necessary labors below are not suspended, while we will send a good strong detachment up stream, to tie the hands and arrest the operations of those who, for vile and wicked purposes, are sporting with the happiness and lives of men.

Those engaged in the traffic in intoxicating compounds, and many of their abettors and apologists, would take different views of that business if they would put themselves in the way of witnessing its most deplorable results. Much of its destructive effects they *must* see ; enough, one would suppose, to induce them to abandon the traffic ; but they will see no more than they are compelled to. They are not willing to investigate the subject, and know the whole truth. Some years since, while conversing with the keeper of a splendid liquor saloon, in the city of Boston, he protested to me that, although he had been engaged in the business for many years, he had not witnessed those terrible results of the trade so often described by those opposed to the continuance of the business. "True," I replied, "and it is because you have avoided those places where the worst effects of your business are to be seen. Suppose," I added, "that an individual were to place a twelve pounder on Steamboat Wharf, and loading it to the muzzle, and giving it a direction eastward, were to discharge it, again and again. While engaged in this sport, the boat arrives from East Boston, and an individual, with breathless haste, runs to him, and implores him, for humanity's sake, to desist, assuring him that he is making terrible havoc with human life. Sir," said I, to that liquor-seller, "the gunner might use the same language you employ, and declare that he had seen no evil results from his operations ; and, like you, he might insist on the right to continue his sport. And yet, all that had been told him about the effects of his business might be true ; the dead and the dying lie scattered about the streets in East Boston,

where his shot struck. Thus, sir, it is with your business," I continued. "*You will not go where your shot strike. You stand here by your bar, and teach the young men who visit your splendid apartments their first lesson in vice. The depraved appetite is here formed, and when it has so far obtained the mastery of a young man, that he begins to be drunken and a little rowdy, he is given to understand that your establishment is not the place for him. You lose his acquaintance, while he, getting his stimulants from other quarters, goes on to destruction. Five years afterwards, that wretched and ruined young man dies drunk, in a vile cellar, it may be, or by the wayside, or in a father's house, fifty or a hundred miles in the country, and, in either case, you are not there to witness the horrible agony of a death by delirium tremens. You do not go to see where your shot strike.*" Sir, I presume I have not given you the precise language I employed in my effort to open the eyes and touch the heart of that servant of the devil, but I remember that the employment of that illustration put an end to his defence, and the conference between us was soon ended.

Sir, I conclude this too lengthy discourse by repeating, *the business of furnishing to men intoxicating liquors, to be employed as a beverage, must be prohibited by law.* Humanity, as well as the eternal principles of right and justice, demand it.

FUGITIVE PIECES IN VERSE.

THE following are extracts from a poem recited before the Massachusetts Legislative Temperance Society, in 1846, and subsequently repeated, by invitation, in many of the cities and large towns of New England.

* * * * *

An aged mother, in her fierce despair,
Scatters the tresses of her silver hair,
Frantic rebels against the biting rod,
And spurns the comfort of the man of God.
Would you what caused the desolation know,
That wearies echo with its voice of woe?
'Tis not that yonder gibbet rears on high
Its black, grim outline sharp against the sky;
'Tis not that on that plank her first-born stands,
His brother's blood scarce dried upon his hands;
The cause lies farther — where that crime was brewed,
In a shop "licensed for the public good"!
Where murder, arson, rape are brought to pass,
With hell-broth vended at three cents a glass.
And thus her hands that childless widow wrings,
And thus that fratricidal felon swings,
While the accessory before the fact
Goes free, in goods and character intact.

Look on yon alms-house, where from day to day
The grave seems cheated of its lawful prey;
Mark well those squallid paupers, and declare
What brought nineteen in twenty of them there.
Could but the truth upon the canvas glow,
The force of fancy could no farther go.

Ghast Atrophy should gather up his shroud,
 And half-choked Asthma wheeze his wrongs aloud ;
 There pale Consumption by your side should stand,
 And tottering Palsy point with trembling hand ;
 Fierce Frenzy's haggard eye with fury glare,
 While Cholera should poison all the air.
 All these, and more, with Babel-like acclaims,
 Should cry to God and man their authors' names.
 And thus this scourge holds on its noisome way,
 To sicken, madden, poison, wound, and slay.
 Ay, thus it ever has gone on, and still,
 Till we apply the remedy, it will ;
 Till our New England be with graves o'erspread,
 One vast, continuous city of the dead ;
 And we might build a pyramid of bones
 As high as Cheops's, instead of stones.

O for the potent rod in Moses' hand,
 To bid this plague depart from out our land ;
 A plague more pitiless than Egypt knew,
 It smites our first-born and our youngest too.
 But why invoke the prophet's wand of power ?
 It lies within our reach this very hour.
 Law, law 's the rod we at this crisis need ;
 The courage, not the strength, we lack, indeed ;
 Our hands command the thong, but hardly dare
 To lay it on. O, cowards that we are !
 We pause and hesitate, when one more blow
 Might end the contest with our common foe.

* * * * *

Meanwhile rum-sellers, with exultant voice,
 In their short respite from their doom rejoice ;
 Ply with increasing zeal the work of death,
 Nor pause to let humanity take breath.
 Shout, drunkard-makers, while ye may — your sport
 Is nigh its close ; root, swine ! your time is short,
 Though longer than we hoped, or ye had feared ;
 A few brief months shall bring you your reward ;
 And that ye may not chide us for delay,
 We'll count you interest to the reckoning day.

Your dues shall yet be paid, all at a dash,
In fines, and costs, and *iron* window sash.

How will they sputter, scold, blaspheme, and swear,
To find themselves accounted what they are !
When justice, long outraged, shall ply her thong
On shoulders which have been unwhipped too long.
Methinks I hear their voice of wail and woe,
Falling on my prophetic ear-drum now.

"Alack! alas! and well-a-day! in vain did lawyers plead;
Our last appeal has surely failed! there is a God indeed;
I've doubted it this many a day, but now, perforce, I see
There is a Judge who can't be reached with any kind of fee.

"So many channels stopped, it is a sorry sight to see,
Through which my rum flowed constant out, and gain flowed in
to me;
Where are the rights our fathers fought for? and pray tell me where
Our liberties are fled! O, this is more than I can bear.

"Ye sympathizing sextons, and ye undertakers too,
The ruin that descends on me is most as hard on you;
Ye doctors, and ye constables, come join with me and weep;
'Othello's occupation's gone,' and we may go to —— sleep.

"Behind the bar shall I, alas! no longer cut a swell,
The ragged drunkard's patron saint, the loafer's oracle?
And must I, ere my fortune's made, in my vocation stop?
And must I take to honesty? and must I shut up shop?

"Ah, woe is me! my customers will learn to drop their coin
And pawn their coats in other shops, in other tills than mine,
For bread. or such like useless stuff, but never more will see
One drop of comfort, such as they were wont to get from me.

"And must I go, indeed, to work? I cannot, cannot do it;
I doubt if stern necessity can ever bring me to it.
Does Satan, whom I've served so long, now leave me in the lurch?
At least, I'll be revenged on him — I'll go and join the church.

"When troubles thronged on every side, we, as a last resort,
Had turned our eyes, with grief inflamed, up to the Supreme Court

But gone, alas! are all our hopes: *that* sun went down at noon;
Curse on those judges' judgment, they have blown us to the moon.

"Well, turn about, since Adam's time, was ever held fair play,
And 'tis a proverb, old and true, each dog must have his day;
And there's one comfort left for us, as law and gospel true,
That we've had ours, each dog of us — a pretty long one too.

"And if hard work should prove too hard for unaccustomed paws,
And should the law break us, who long were used to break the laws,
We still can steal; the sin, and shame, and risk cannot be more,
In secret theft, than in the work done openly before.

"My curse, a hot and blasting curse, on every temperance man;
On Beecher, Edwards, Hawkins, Grant, and all the accurséd clan.
A special curse is richly due that rhyming, ranting Jewett;
Powerless himself to work us harm, he urged the rest to do it."

But rising high above this cry and hue,
Hark to the shout that rends the concave blue!
The shout exulting multitudes employ!
The shout of millions in triumphant joy!
Hear the poor drunkard, ragged, sick, and sore,
Thanking his God that grog-shops are no more.
And hear that wife express her joy of soul
That none shall dare henceforth to fill the bowl
For her poor, thoughtless husband. Far away
Her night of sorrow flies; she greets the day.
"Thank God," she cries, "my husband turns from sin;
He cannot, if he would, offend again.
My husband's safe; and now let *him* beware,
Who for his feeble neighbor spreads the snare.
At last the rod for which stern justice calls,
Not on the tempted, but the tempter falls.
Too oft, alas! a sense of grievous wrong
Drew forth the murmur, 'Lord! how long, how long?'
I dreamed not then this day of days to see,
But thought myself forgotten, Lord, of thee.
I bow me now, repentant, in the dust;
Again I give thee back my boundless trust.

Join with me, mothers all, throughout the land
Join with me, little children, hand in hand !
Rejoice ! your sufferings at length are o'er ;
Your grovelling fathers can be brutes no more.
Our prayers are heard, at our extremest need,
For Massachusetts now is free indeed."

Men of the Bay State — yea, and women, too —
This triumph still remains in store for you ;
On you humanity and duty call ;
Up and about it, brethren, one and all.
Say, shall your own old Massachusetts be
Now backward in the cause of liberty ?
Who struck the first resolved, decisive blow
Against the bondage of a foreign foe ?
Who ever foremost stands in war and peace ?
And shall the strife for independence cease
Now, when the need is greater than of yore ;
Now, when a tyrant knocks at every door ;
Now, when awakened Massachusetts stands,
And holds the remedy in her own hands ?
Think of your children ! all that's dear in life,
Combine to urge you onward to the strife.
Strike ! for you owe it to your buried great ;
Strike ! for you owe it to your native state,
To rid her soil of this supreme disgrace ;
You owe it to yourselves, your country, and your race

I'd sooner black my visage o'er,
And put de shine on boots and shoes,
Than stand within a liquor store,
And rinse the glasses drunkards use.



FOURTEEN O'CLOCK.

NIGHT o'er the earth her raven wing had spread,
 Hens had retired, and men had gone to bed,
 When two spruce dandies took it in their head
 To visit Sandy's shop,
 And take a social drop
 Of whiskey-punch, spiced sling, or "Tom and Jerry;"
 And while with curious skill
 He mixed th' inspiring draught,
 They stories told, and laughed:
 Then did their glasses fill,
 And while they quaffed,
 Cracked their coarse jokes, and made themselves quite
 merry.

Now, gentle reader, with your kind permission,
 We'll leave them there, and make a slight digression.

A little spark alights upon the ground,
 And seizing on the dry leaves scattered round,
 Kindles at length a very pretty fire,

Which, having no respect for man's fine labors,
Burns up your house, then seizes on your neighbor's,
While to the very heavens the flames aspire.
 Burning roofs fall,
 For aid men call ;
The fire, with blazing fury, still drives on,
Until (its work of devastation done)
 It leaves a heap of smouldering ashes there,
 Which Sorrow may extinguish with a tear.

Thus causes small, through folly or neglect,
Produce oftentimes a terrible effect,
 Draining from mortal eyes oceans of tears.
Oft the deceitful, treacherous, sparkling glass
Has sunk the man of wisdom to an ass,
 Or something like one, all except the ears.

The rum goes in, and common sense goes out ;
Genius and learning both are put to rout,
 And empty as his pockets leave his head ;
Kindly affections hasten to depart,
 (Each grace and virtue dead,)
And hissing vipers nestle in his heart.
 With lustrous eyes, intelligent and keen,
 As slaughtered pigs' in Boston market seen ;
 With fiendlike scowl or idiotic laugh,
 And tongue, for mouth like his, too big by half,
 He bawls as constant as a weaning calf ;
A silly subject for contempt or pity,
Yet in his own opinion wondrous witty.

The fiend, who sneaks about, to get his claw
On thoughtless souls, wherewith to fill his maw,
 Whene'er he sees men in this wretched state,
Laughs as though he would split his sooty hide,
And all his black apprentices beside
 Shake their long tails, with fiendish joy elate.

Such man becomes, and such these tipplers were,
By frequent sips of Sandy's liquors rare.

Night's half-way house old father Time had passed,
And left two milestones in his track behind,
And onward toward the third was journeying fast,
When to their homes our heroes seemed inclined.
Sandy politely guides them to the door,
And kindly held the light;
For 'twas a very dark and dreary night,
And now the rain did like a torrent pour.
Drunkards need space to travel in, and they
Their zigzag journey took toward *Broadway* ;
They reached it, and pursued their course along,
Cheering old night with fragments of old song.

We said the rain fell fast, and so it did,
And down the gutter like a river flowed ;
And as with gathering strength along it sped,
Bore on its breast a very filthy load ;
But whence derived, we shall not here declare,
Lest we might give offence to ears polite ;
Yet to prevent mistake, and set all right,
We'll *hint* that hogs and horses travel there.

Into this Mississippi of *Broadway*,
While city lamps did shed a fitful gleam,
Our drunken friends by some mischance did stray ;
And as they reached the middle of the stream,
A church clock struck to tell how time sped on ;
And to be sure and keep their reckoning good,
They halted in the middle of the flood,
And stamping with their feet, they counted *one*.
Again it struck ; they stamped, and tallied *two*,
While high above their heads the water flew.
Three, said the clock, and as their feet replied,
The filthy water splashed from side to side.

Another clock, behind the first in time,
From old St. Paul's just now began to chime ;
And while its tones reëchoed through the town,
Amid the flowing filth their feet came down.
Six, they exclaimed ; when from a neighboring spire
Another bell rang out the alarm of fire.

This gave the drunken dandies quite a sweat ;
 For though from head to heels they now were wet
 With mingled gutter-wash, a falling shower,
 Which on their crazy heads did constant pour,
 Yet there they stood, and stamped, and counted still,
 As on their ears each stroke successive fell.

They reached, at length, *fourteen* ; and quite amazed,
 One thus exclaimed, while wildly round he gazed,
 “ *Through all my — (hic) — life, some twenty years or more,*
I never knew it — (hic) — quite so late before.”

APOSTROPHE TO THE MERRIMACK,

RECITED AT THE CONCLUSION OF A TEMPERANCE DISCOURSE, IN LOWELL.

COLD WATER, hail ! sure cure for countless ills,
 Better than patent drugs or *Parr's Life Pills* ;
 True panacea of the human kind,
 Sovereign alike for body and for mind ;
 Potent to quench the kindling sparks of strife,
 To heal the sorrows of the weeping wife ;
 Spell that alike is able to unclasp
 The felon's stealthy clutch and ruffian's grasp.
 How great the debt which every son and daughter
 Of Adam's race doth owe to thee, *Cold Water*.

Say, what were Lowell, were it not for thee,
 Child of the mountains, journeying to the sea ? *
 Pausing a moment in thy glorious course,
 Thou lendest here to man thy boundless force ;
 Which, joined with skill to *his*, at once creates
 The *second* city of the *first* of states.
 But change thy course a little, turn thy head,
 And Lowell would be, Where ? Why, here — *but dead !*
 Its wheels would stop, its spindles cease their hum ;
 The cheerful voice of industry be dumb ;

* The Merrimack takes its rise in a very mountainous region.

Its streets, deserted, desolate, and lone,
 Would be with rank, unseemly weeds o'ergrown;
 Decay would through these homes her besom sweep,
 And reptiles crawl where now your infants sleep;
 Where through yon snow-white warp the shuttles fling
 The embracing woof, and cheerful maidens sing,
 The industrious spider rear *her* loom on high,
 And weave *her* web to catch the incautious fly;
 Then, like rum-sellers, with a fatal skill,
 Retire behind her *screen*, entrap and kill.

Its busy merchants, now a very host,
 Would be *in earnest* "SELLING OFF AT COST!"
 Its barbers and its lawyers cease to shave,
 And scores of doctors, impotent to save
 Their fees or patients, fly the common grave.
 The dentist who can scarce believe it sin
 To bag your *gold* and fill your teeth with *tin*,
 Would take a journey west, in hopes to find
 Substantial food for his *own teeth* to grind.

Those mighty cotton kings, whose slightest word
 Is now obeyed almost as soon as heard;
 Who speak the word, and lofty walls ascend,
 Who stretch the hand, and lengthening streets extend
 Who stamp the foot, and like an ebbing tide,
 The very pavement settles by your side,—
 Lords of both men and money, where were they,
 Shouldst thou but turn thy *water power* away?
 Their might and salaries gone, alas! what then
 Were corporation agents? Merely men.

Such were the fate of Lowell, shouldst thou lack
 Thy wealth of waters, bounteous *Merrimack*!
 The pulse of life, that beats so full and free
 Through all her mighty frame, is given by *thee*!
 Then let her own thy power, yield to thy sway,
 And in *Cold Water* wash her stains away.



A COTTON SPECULATION.

IN Bristol county, in a certain town,
 Not fifty miles from one they call Fall River,
 A trader lived, a man of some renown ;
 And though he peddled grog, men called him clever
 He chanced to have a very worthy wife,
 Possessed of real nobleness of mind,
 Benevolent and kind ;
 And swayed by her he lived a decent life.
 Upright in some respects, yet still, for gold,
 The devil's own elixir, *Rum*, he sold ;
 And while promoting thus "*the public good*,"
 Took in exchange the cash, or — what he could.

His house stood distant from the store
 Some twenty rods or more ;
 And toward the close of a fair summer's day
 A wretched beggar thither bent his way.

His eye was sunken, and his look was sad ;
 His beard, unshaven, o'er his bosom hung ;
 While tattered rags, with which the wretch was clad,
 Stirred by the evening breeze, around him swung.

An old, crushed hat protected his gray head,
While his thin locks were streaming in the wind ;
He moved along with tottering, feeble tread,
 Bending beneath a pack,
 Which rested on his back,
While his lean dog was trotting close behind.

He mounts the steps, and gently rings the bell :
 The wife invites him in, and sets a chair,
And while the wretch his tale of woe doth tell,
 There glistens in her eye the sympathetic tear.
She offers food ; but *that* he does not want ;
 And seeing what a scarecrow dress he's got on,
Concludes of clothing he must sure be scant,
 Especially of that part made of cotton.
For through his tattered rags, all glazed with dirt,
 (Although she has a most observant eye,)
Collar or wristbands she cannot espy,
Or e'en the smallest vestige of a shirt.
 Then quick as thought she to her chamber flew,
 And, from her husband's ample store,
 Selected one he oft had wore,
And in the beggar's lap the needed garment threw.

He stammered out his thanks, and in his pack
He stowed the gift, and swung it on his back ;
Then took his leave, and toward a neighboring wood
He bent his steps, and made what speed he could.

There, seated on a log, he viewed his prize,
As any tippler would, with gin-inflamed eyes ;
And thus communed he with himself: " Shall I,
To please the eyes of other people, die ?
True, I am shirtless ; but then, what's the harm ?
We need more than our clothes to keep us warm.
To clothe the outward man is sure a sin,
If we neglect the better part within.
'Tis true, 'man wants but little here below,'
Yet wants that little often — *that* we know.
Rags will buy gin, and gin I sure *must* have ;
Without, though clad in silks, I could not live.

So here it goes !” The garment then he tore,
And with the rags he hasted to the store,
And had his empty bottle filled once more.

As out the wretch was passing with his gin,
By chance the merchant’s lady happened in,
And to her husband thus : “ What had he there
Within that bottle ? ” — “ What ? Some gin, my dear.”
“ And could that wretched beggar thus deceive ?
Can tears tell lies ? What shall we then believe ?
Stooping and sad, he tottered to our door,
And begged I would ‘ have pity on the poor.’
While like a child he wept, I could but heed
His prayer, and gave him what he seemed to need :
He’d not a rag of cotton on his skin ;
And had he still the cash to purchase gin ? ”
“ He did not pay in cash,” the man replied.
“ Not cash ! — and what had he to pay beside ? ”
“ Why, rags.” “ He barter rags ! What sort ? Speak quick ;
I fear the wretch has played us both a trick.”
“ Here is the bundle,” said he, “ if you doubt
What it contains, just pull the fragments out.”
She drew them forth, and made the fellow stare,
By loud exclaiming, “ Sir, see there ! see there !!
There is your name — I wrought it there myself —
And that old ragged, dirty, lying elf,
As great a hypocrite as e’er was born,
Has sold you your own shirt, in pieces torn.”

Then, staring in the face of her liege lord,
And suiting well her action to the word,
With bitter irony, she thus exclaimed :
“ Dear sir, don’t look confounded or ashamed ;
For one of moderate means, and humble station,
You’ve made a splendid *cotton speculation*.”

THE RUM-SELLER'S AND RUM DRINKER'S
LAMENTATION.

THE following article, hastily prepared for the occasion, was recited before a general convention of the friends of temperance, holden at Boston, in January, 1839. The peculiar circumstances which attended its recitation gave it considerable effect and notoriety at the time, notwithstanding its very little merit as a piece of composition; and, at the urgent solicitation of friends, the author gives it a place in this collection of scraps. Those who listened to its recitation, but have never seen it in type, will think, while they peruse it, that something must have been left out which originally gave it interest. They are right: something indeed has been left out in the publication of it. The law of '38, which aimed at the entire annihilation of the retail trade, was then in existence, and all the objections which, in this article, were put into the mouth of the drunkard, were current coin with the party opposed to the law. Twelve distinguished gentlemen, most of whom were wholesale liquor-dealers, had just come out with an address to the people, condemning the principles of the law on account of its severe pressure on the interests of the poorer classes, who could not buy fifteen gallons at a time. These circumstances, with the fact that the drunkard's speech was given *in character*, so far as a sober man could do it, gave to the recitation of the piece an interest which will be looked for in vain in the printed copy.

A DREAM.

The labors of the day were done,
And, wearied with its toil and care,
I sought, and reached my house, and soon
Was seated in my easy chair.

Sleep closed at once my heavy lids,
When, in his chariot of air,
Imagination bore me on,
And dropped me in your *Stillhouse Square*.

The place was gloomy as the grave ;
And from a dark and dismal den,
Not distant far, there came forth sounds
As from a group of drunken men ;—

And with them curses mingled oft,
And nearer drew the sounds, and soon
There seemed a man approaching slow,
Seen dimly by the midnight moon.

And while the group more distant sang,
And shouted forth their *haw — haw — haw*,
This man drew near, and thus exclaimed :
“ My curse upon the *license law*.”

With that he stamped upon the stones,
With which were paved the public way,
And still spoke on — I caught the tones —
And thus he said, or seemed to say :—

“ Alas ! for the days of our glory are past,
And the long-dreaded evil has reached us at last.
We must now our respectable traffic give o’er,
For our license is out, and we cannot get more.
No more shall the poor, oppressed laborers come
To our shops, to replenish their bottles with rum ;
Oppressed by tyrannical laws, they may sigh,
And mourn over joys that are past, and go dry ;
But they must not blame us, for we’ve often declared,
That we would still fill up their jugs if we dared.
No, they must not blame us ; and if they find their doom
Is to spend all their long, tedious evenings at home,
With a rabble of children, and a sad, peevish wife,
Without even one gill of the comfort of life,
Then from each toper’s throat the hot curses will pour,
Before which these temperance fanatics will cower,
Repent their rash acts, and, with hearty good will,
Give us what we contend for — *a license to kill*.”

He passed — and next the drunkard came,
With blood-shot eye and face of flame,

With drivelling mouth, with pimpled nose,
 With crownless hat and tattered clothes,
 With trembling hand, with unshod feet,
 That sought by turns both sides the street.
 With zigzag step he strode along,
 Unmindful of the tittering throng
 Of thoughtless fools of various sort,
 That followed, just to enjoy the sport.
 Sudden he stopped, as he were lost,
 And leaning 'gainst a friendly post,
 While round him closed the gathering crowd,
 Thus belched his troubles forth aloud : —

“Nabers and frinds, and can this be!
 And shall we be no longer free?
 Say, has the time, long dreaded, come,
 When we can't have one drop of rum?
 If that 's the case, it beats creation,
 And I'll up stakes, and quit the nation.
 Why, sir, if we submit in quiet,
 The next they'll rigilate our diet;
 And say by law we shan't eat carrin,
 Or flesh of beasts that died of murrin.
 'Tis very strange that men should think
 To rigilate by law our drink.
 In laws like this there is no merit;
 They rouse up our New England sperit.
 We'd have folks know that we're born free;
 Our fathers fout for liberty;
 And 'fore our nateral rights we'll yield,
 We'll shoulder arms and march t' the field,
 Assert our rights as freemen should,
 And battle for the public good.
 But not alone shall we go forth;
 Our friends will come from south, from north,
 From east, from west, good sturdy fellers,
 Led on by BOSTON LIQUOR-SELLERS.”

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS TO RETAILERS.

THE following are extracts from one of the earliest productions of the author on the subject of temperance, and has no merit as a piece of composition. It contains some thoughts, however, which it may be well for those to consider who are engaged in the traffic in intoxicating poisons. The picture is a true and sad one, though clumsily drawn.

YE, who, regardless of your country's good,
 Fill up your coffers with the price of blood;
 Who pour out poison with a liberal hand,
 And scatter crime and misery through the land;
 Though now rejoicing in the midst of health,
 In full possession of ill-gotten wealth,
 Yet a few days, at most, the hour must come,
 When ye shall know the poison-seller's doom,
 And shrink beneath it; for upon you all
 The indignation of a God shall fall.

* * * * *

Bear this in mind: ye have at your command
 The power to bless, or power to curse the land.
 If ye will sell, Intemperance still will roll
 Her wave of bitterness o'er many a soul
 Still shall the wife for her lost husband mourn,
 And sigh for days that never shall return.
 Still that unwelcome sight our eyes shall greet,
 Of beggared children roaming through the street;
 And thousands, whom our labors cannot save,
 Go trembling, tottering, reeling, to the grave.

Still loitering at your shop the livelong day,
 Will scores of loungers pass their hours away;
 And e'en the peaceful night, for rest ordained,
 Shall with their noisy revels be profaned.
 The poisonous cup will pass, and mirth and glee
 Gild o'er the surface of their misery;

Uproarious laughter fill each place between —
 Harsh oaths, ungodly songs, and jests obscene.
 And there *you'll* stand amid that drunken throng,
 Laugh at the jest, and glory in the song.

How oft ye see the children of the poor,
 With unshod feet, unwilling, throng your door,
 And carry with them, as they homeward go,
 The fruitful source of wretchedness and woe —
 That which will change the father to a beast;
 That which will rob a mother of her rest;
 And take from half-fed children needful bread,
 And give them curses, frowns, and blows instead!

* * * * *

Pour out your poison till some victim dies;
 Then go, and at his funeral wipe your eyes.
 Join there that mourning throng, with solemn face,
 And help to bear him to the burial-place.
 There stands his wife, with weeping children round
 While their fast-falling tears bedew the ground.
 From many an eye the gem of pity starts,
 And many a sigh from sympathizing hearts,
 Comes laboring up, and almost chokes the breath,
 While thus they gaze upon the work of death.
 The task concludes; the relics of the dead
 Are slowly settled to their damp, cold bed.

Come, now, draw near, my money-making friend;
 You saw the starting — *come and see the end.*
 When you first filled his glass, *one* would suffice;
 Next *two* were wanting; and now, *here he lies.*
 Look now into that open grave, and say,
 Dost feel no sorrow, no remorse, to-day?
 Does not your answering conscience loud declare,
 That *your cursed avarice* has laid him there?

Now, since the earth has closed o'er his remains,
 Turn o'er your book, and count your honest gains.
 How doth the account for his last week begin? —
 “*Monday, the twenty-fourth, one quart of gin.*”

A like amount, for each succeeding day,
 Tells on the book, but wears his life away.
 Saturday's charge makes out the account complete,
*"To cloth, five yards, to make a winding-sheet."**
 There, all stands fair, without mistake or flaw,
 How honest trade will thrive, UPHELD BY LAW!

A FRAGMENT.

THE dealer at wholesale declares he's a friend
 To the temperance cause, and his aid he will lend
 To moderate measures, that won't interfere
 With his rum-gotten profits of thousands a year.
 He sells by the hogshead, and thinks he's a saint,
 Compared with the fellows who sell by the pint.

The retailer too, as he stands at his bar,
 Declares we are going too fast and too far;
 Expresses his sympathy for the "good cause"
 By cursing fanatics and temperance laws.
 He's for temperance too, you'll hear him declare,
 Yet beats up recruits for the pit of despair.

The drunkard, encouraged, now rouses his spunk,
 And boasts of a "nateral right" to get drunk;
 Declares, as they're bent on abridging that right,
 He will still drink his toddy, if only "for spite."
 And while he insists he's a temperance man,
 Cries, "Down with that ultra, fanat — hic — al clan."

* A friend of the author, residing in Coventry, R. I., came into possession of the leaf of an account book, on which a poor drunkard had been charged with a quart of gin a day, for five successive days. On the night of the fifth day, he died in a drunken fit; and the charge on the rum-seller's book for the sixth day was, "to cloth, five yards, for winding-sheet."

CRACK UP! CRACK UP!!

SOME few years since, the author had occasion to spend the night at the village of Woonsocket, R. I., and as there was no public house in the village kept on temperance principles, he was under the necessity of taking lodgings at a hotel where intoxicating drinks were furnished to all who desired them. Just after the clock had struck the hour of nine, some very respectable looking gentlemen, who were sitting around the bar-room fire, engaged in an exercise which they called "cracking up." The object of the game seemed to be, to determine which of the individuals should pay for the drink of the company. The important question was decided by the tossing up of a piece of money, and its fall near to or remote from a certain crack in the floor previously designated. The services of the bar-keeper were then required to prepare for the party some intoxicating compound, which was swallowed by them with evident gusto. It was suggested to the mind of the writer, while the scene described was passing before him, that the individuals thus engaged did not, in their minds, associate their practices with the probable consequences to those connected with them by the most tender ties. The following article, which was written in the bar-room, immediately after witnessing the interesting ceremony, and which found place in the village paper the following day, was intended to suggest to them the probable consequences of their recklessness and folly.

Crack up! crack up! the clock strikes nine;
We have not drank for half an hour.
Say, will ye choose, or rum, or wine,
Or brandy's stimulating power?
 Come, fill the glass,
 And let it pass,
Till sorrow, care, and thought are gone,
And exiled reason quits her throne

Come, jovial boys, crack up! crack up!
And fill again the maddening cup.
What though our wives sit quite alone,
And muse on hopes and pleasures gone?
Though bitter thoughts their bosoms burn
The while they wait for our return

Let all that pass;

Come, fill the glass;

We'll drink to love that never dies,
Till from *our* breasts affection flies.

Crack up! crack up! come, fill again
The accursed cup with liquid fire;
And now, its contents let us drain
To sleeping babes and hoary sire;
To mother dear, though drowned in tears,
And bending with the weight of years.

Bid sorrow flee,

And drink with glee;

Though babes may need a father's care,
From wretchedness and want to save,
And though we bring the time-bleached hair
Of parents sorrowing to the grave,

Come, fill again the accursed cup,

And let us drain. Crack up! crack up!

STRANGULATION; OR, THE DISTILLER'S DISASTER.

A GRIST FROM JEMMY'S MILL, GROUND MAY 1ST, 1845.

A NOTED distiller of Boston fell into one of his fermenting vats, a few days previous to the appearance of the following article, and was dragged from it by the hands of his workmen in the establishment, but for whose timely interference, he must have lost his life by strangulation.

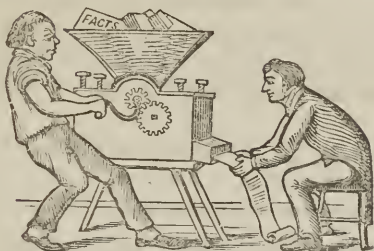
Doctor. Jemmy, have you learned that a celebrated distiller fell into one of his fermenting vats, a few days since, and came near losing his life by strangulation?

Jemmy. Indaad, I did. I read it in the paper; and whin I told the matter to Michael McGowan's wife, she foch'd a scrame, and slapped her two big hands together, and rin capering about the room like as if she'd been half mad. "What ails you?" said I. "What ails you?" said she, pouting out her lips, and spaking my own words in a kind of mockin way. "Botheration to ye! Doesn't them same distillers make the vile crathur that pits strangulation down the necks of papple more dacent and honest nor themselves? Didn't my own cousin Tim Taggerty — rest his sowl! — drink the liquor till it made him crazy entirely; and then put a rope on his neck, and hang up in the barn; and wasn't that *strangulation*? Didn't Betty Cragin, whin she was drunk, roll her baste of a carcass on her own swate baby, that wasn't more nor sax weeks old, and smother the life out of it? What was it but *strangulation*? And now, jist because the distiller of all this divilment got a small taste of his own midicin, they pit it in the papers, and make such a hellaballoo ——"

Dr. Hold, Jemmy! I have no time to hear more of Mistress McGowan's lecture on strangulation; but, as you seem to be quite interested in the matter, suppose you put the facts in your patent rhyme-grinder, and turn out something for the Journal.

Jem. Faix! I'll do it.

[He brings out the machine, and commences operations.]



I'll sing you a song that is rare and queer,
Of a nager that fell in a vat of beer,
Which was rendered so fine, as he slowly decayed,
That the liquor was praised,
Its price was much raised,
The business increased, and a fortune was made.

Dr. Jim, you make strange work. You were going to grind out a song from facts that occurred in this western world, and your very first verse is about an old affair that happened twenty years ago, on the other side of the Atlantic.

Jem. Never mind, doctor, jewel. I'll come to it directly.
[He turns again.]

One Haman, the Scriptures relate,
Got mad at the Jew Mordecai,
And built for him, outside the gate,
A gallows some fifty feet high.

"Ha! ha!" said his wife, "they will yet learn to fear us —
These stiff-necked obstinate Jews:

Now go to the party with Ahasuerus,
Be cheerful, and banish the blues;
Come, hurry, my honey,
Drink wine, and be funny."

He went — and, bad luck to him! — made such a bother,
He got himself hanged jist, instead of the other!
And he couldn't complain of the way it was done,
For they let down the drap on a plan of his own.

Dr. Worse and worse, Jemmy! You are farther from

your proper subject than before. You have wandered, in point of distance, as far as Persia ; and as to time, you have made a jump backward of more than two thousand years. What next ?

Jem. Troth, ye're mighty particular ! If you don't be azy stoppin me, I won't grind at all, at all, and ye may turn ye'r-self.

Dr. Well, let go the crank, and I'll give you a specimen of my work, off hand.

[The doctor turns, while Jemmy looks on with amazement.]

The fire glowed bright beneath the still,
 And fiercely boiled the foaming flood,
 Destined the drunkard's veins to fill,
 To scorch his brain and fire his blood.
 The workmen cheerly plied their tasks,
 When in the great distiller came
 T' inspect the work ; and now he asks,
 "How boils the flood ? How burns the flame ?"
 Vexed that the hell-broth cooks so slow,
 He mounts the vat, with careless tread,
 To stir the mixtures vile below,
 But slips, and plunges over head !
 Panting and gasping hard for breath,
 He struggles with the damning tide,
 And would have yielded there to death,
 But helping hands were now applied,
 Which dragged him from the foaming vat,
 Resembling much a drowned wharf-rat.

Bedaubed with yeasty slime and foam,
 Fragrant and dripping as he passed,
 This great distiller sought his home —
 By sad experience taught at last
 This truth, contained in holy writ : —
*Who for his neighbor digs a pit,
 Will some time tumble into it !*

SELECTIONS FROM CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PRESS.

A BRIEF PLAN OF A TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN.

THE following letter, addressed to Daniel Kimball, late editor of the Massachusetts Temperance Standard, and which appeared in the columns of that paper July 18, 1845, may interest the reader, as it expresses the author's views of the proper method of conducting a temperance campaign. The time and circumstances which called it forth the reader will gather from the letter itself.

MANCHESTER, *July 8, 1845.*

FRIEND KIMBALL :

You have doubtless, ere this, obtained from the New York papers an account of the State Temperance Convention, held at Albany, on the 25th of June; and so far as concerns the labor actually performed by that body, you have doubtless a more detailed account than I could give at this distance of time, as I took no notes of the proceedings. I wish, nevertheless, to convey to you, and, through the Standard, to others more immediately concerned, some impressions which that occasion made on my mind, in relation to the state of the temperance cause in New York, and its wants at the present crisis.

There will be, during the year, a great deal of discussion, in relation to the law which was passed by the New York legislature at its last session; leaving to the several towns and cities (except New York city) the decision of the question, in April, 1846, whether licenses shall, or shall not, be granted for the sale of intoxicating drinks. And yet I fear our friends will

come to the conflict, at that time, in a measure unprepared, from a mistaken view of what is necessary to that preparation. Something more is wanted than a discussion of the subject in county or state conventions. The war must be carried into the enemy's country. The friends of temperance should organize at once in *every town*, and not only hold frequent meetings in the different school districts, but flood the town with temperance publications. And on the character of these publications, as well as the character of discussions which will be had, every thing will depend. Let not our friends in the Empire State suffer their attention to be diverted from the main point to abstract and wire-drawn speculations about constitutions and inalienable rights. Keep the great eye of the public, as well as individual eyes, right to the *main point*. Our neighbors and friends are falling on every side into drunkards' graves. Families are overwhelmed with sorrow, suffering, and shame, in view of the course pursued by the inebriated husband and father. Human bodies are diseased by alcohol, until they present to the world "a bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe." Reason is dethroned, and thousands of men are turned out from the grog-shops and the whiskey bar rooms raving maniacs, fitted for any outrage upon the property and lives of unoffending citizens, which a mind diseased may suggest. Once pleasant homes are falling to ruins, and thousands of acres of the once fertile soil of New York are so grossly neglected by the drunken owners, that "thorns and thistles cover the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof is broken down." Domestic happiness expires in the fumes of alcohol. The hearts of ten thousand wives and mothers are breaking and bleeding, pierced and trampled upon by the accursed traffic in strong drink. Ragged and shoeless children are roaming in the streets, their physical comfort, their education, and their morals neglected. Those primary schools of vice and immorality, the *grog-shop* and the *bar-room*, are open to the thoughtless and unreflecting, seven days in every week through the year, without even a quarterly vacation,

and thousands of our reckless young men are there learning, from rum-parched tongues, the profane oath and the obscene jest, which they in turn will teach to others, thus daily widening the influence and increasing the virulence of the moral contagion. The Sabbath is counted as nought wherever these influences prevail, and men recklessly trample on the authority of God, and desert his holy temples, spending the time set apart for the special worship of the Most High in rioting and drunkenness. All the great interests of society, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial, are suffering more from the influence of intoxicating drink than from any other cause; while our poorhouses, prisons, and insane hospitals are filled with the wretched victims of the accursed traffic. Let our New York friends direct the attention of their fellow-citizens unceasingly to these terrible truths, confirmation of which may be found in every county and town of the state. Array these facts on paper, and put a copy into the hands of every family, until they shall be made to reflect, to feel — ay, and to speak; — until they shall be prompted to exclaim with the poet,—

“Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
Shall mercy’s bosom cease to swell?
Shall honor bleed? shall truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?”

Let the *enemy* talk of *constitutions* and *inalienable rights*, of *free trade*, and the like, to the end of the chapter; but let *us* talk of *facts* — of soul-stirring FACTS of daily occurrence, and from those facts reason out the duties and obligations of those we address by plain and logical argument, resorting to no quirks or quibbles, disdaining any use of sophistry, and careless about scholastic elegance. Study the subject, by day and by night, in *all* its relations, and make yourselves familiar with every argument by which the right and the truth may be sustained, and then grapple boldly with the enemies of truth.

Join issue with them wherever they may be met—in the public meeting, in the columns of the public journals, in the social circle, in the stage-coach, in the rail-car, and the steamboat. Be instant in season and out of season. Demand, as you justly may, (where it is not now exerted,) the influence of the pulpit. “Circulate the documents,” with untiring industry, and pray God for light, strength and victory. Thus and thus only can the Empire State be prepared to settle aright the question to be submitted to her decision next April.

But I must rein up my quill, which feeling has driven upon the gallop along the track of desolation. I became strongly interested in the state of things now existing in New York, while at the Albany Convention—almost too strongly for the cool and quiet performance of my duties at home. It is glorious to see the old Empire State nerving every giant limb of her huge frame to shake off the anaconda that has twined itself around her. There are noble spirits, within her borders, that are now being marshalled for a desperate conflict, and every bone in my skin, and every fibre of my frame, ache to be with them in the thickest of the fight. The old Bay State, however, demands my services, and must have them.

THE RUM-SELLER'S REMEDY.

“*I do not allow loafers about my establishment,*” said a taverner to us, some time since, when we were pressing him pretty closely in an argument in reference to the character of his business. This remark was accompanied by an expression of self-complacency which seemed to say, “There, sir, is a triumphant vindication of my business.” “But, sir,” we inquired, “do you never sell a glass of strong drink to individuals whom you know to be drunkards?” “O, yes,” was his reply, “but not when they *are* drunk. *I never allow a*

man to drink at my bar when I see he has got enough." How very kind! How very conscientious!!

Pamper his depraved appetite, fill up his glass until his eye is glazed, his brain reels—until his tongue begins to stammer, his limbs to fail, and Reason to totter on her throne—until his shame is visible to all eyes, and then —— refuse him! Pour it out to him, and allow him to fill himself with your vile mixtures, until the kindly affections of his nature are crushed—until every base and malignant passion is roused into energetic and perhaps fatal action—until he is fitted for any deed of darkness—and then, after goading him to madness by refusing the additional draught which would but stupefy him, and render him comparatively harmless—send him home to his suffering wife and children, who will tremble at his approach! And all this, perhaps, according to law!! This is the compassion of a rum-seller!! of the respectable, the *licensed* rum-seller, who tells you, with infinite self-complacency, that *he* “does not allow any man to drink at his bar when he sees that he has *got enough*.” But how is he to discover when he has got enough? “O, by his appearance.” Ah! and what must be those appearances? What are the particular indications that he has *got enough*? What, but the evidence of present intoxication? It amounts precisely to this, that the licensed promoter of “the public good” is not to sell to a man to his injury, after it is distinctly seen that he is already drunk, or, in the vernacular of the rum craft, after he has *got enough*. Why not license a gambling-house, and make it a special condition of the license, that the licensed person shall not in his establishment allow a man to be cheated of his money after it distinctly appears that his pockets are empty? Why not license a man to sell the plague, on condition that he shall communicate it to no one *after* the fatal plague spot is visible on the surface of his body? Why not prohibit the selling of rope to a man after he has hanged himself?

INJUSTICE TO REFORMERS.

THOSE who, from the counting-room, the professional study, or the busy workshop, watch the progress of the temperance reformation without mingling themselves in the glorious strife, have but a faint idea of the obstacles to be overcome, the vexations to be endured, and the personal sacrifices to be made by those actually and constantly engaged in this great enterprise. They look on this long and severe struggle as did thousands of the citizens of Boston, from the roofs of their houses, upon the battle of Bunker Hill. Dense clouds of smoke obscure the field; but as these are occasionally rolled away by the passing wind, our observers catch a hasty glance of the combatants, and do not fail to applaud the valor of those, who, covered with wounds, and sweat, and dust, and blood, are fighting for them their battles. With what interest they watch the various evolutions, the fierce onset, the hasty retreat! and with what intense excitement they hear the roar of musketry and the clash of steel. They share not, however, the toil or danger, though they do partake largely of the blessings, the liberty, and the security to life and to inalienable rights, purchased at the price of blood. Thus it is, in every great struggle with the oppressors and enemies of our race. A few endure the hardships and encounter the dangers of actual warfare, while all share in the blessings secured. Of the "divinity," that thus, for wise purposes, "shapes our ends," we will not complain; of the cupidity and heartlessness of men, which permits or enacts such injustice, we will never cease to complain. The temperance reformation has already secured to our state innumerable blessings. Every branch of business useful to society is at this moment prosecuted with greater facility and security, in consequence of the changes of habits and customs introduced by it. Intelligence is increased as men's heads become clear of the fumes of alcohol; the standard of public morality is elevated by the increase of

sobriety — accidents are less frequent — crime is diminished, — the jail and the poorhouse have unoccupied rooms — and life and property are rendered secure — just in proportion to the advance of this glorious enterprise ; and yet thousands who share largely in the blessed results, treat with cold indifference and gross neglect the cause which produces them, and its hard-working and self-sacrificing friends. Others, still more blind or wicked, like the ungrateful and stupid ass, grow wanton by indulgence, kick at their friends, and bite the hand that feeds them.

THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LICENSE LAW.

THE right of the states to pass laws restraining or prohibiting, within their limits, the sale of imported liquors, having been denied by interested parties, the question came before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, during the winter of 1845. Distinguished counsel argued the question at great length before the court. The judges being divided in opinion on the subject, the case was continued to the next term of the court, to be holden at Washington, in the month of January, 1846. A question of such vital importance to the cause of temperance called forth a sharp discussion, through the columns of our public journals. The following are selected from a number of articles, on that subject, by the author of this volume. The names of parties are suppressed, as they would not add to the interest with which the reader may peruse these sketches, and their insertion might needlessly irritate the feelings of some, whose coöperation in that great work of reform the writer most earnestly desires.

A DREAM.

DANVERS, February 18, 1848.

MR. EDITOR : —

Sitting in my study, a few evenings since, ruminating on the probable influence of the late discussion in the United States

Court, I fell into a dose. I dreamed that I was in a bar-room, surrounded by a motley company of beings, whose external appearance betokened the most abject poverty and wretchedness, but who, nevertheless, seemed in high glee. A group that occupied the space directly in front of the bar, seemed to be listening with the deepest interest, while the bar-keeper read from a paper he held in his hand. The appearance of one of the group was so striking, that I will attempt to describe him. For his dress, he had on what had once been a coat, though much too large for a person of his size. Both cuffs and the skirts had been torn off, and the body of the garment, fastened around him with a fragment of rope instead of buttons, contained a sufficient number of holes to admit of all necessary ventilation. His boots were entitled to respect from their age. One leg of his pants, which appeared to have been sorely scanty in longitude, had been slit from the bottom to a distance above the knee, and was kept as nearly as possible in place by an old cotton handkerchief wound about it on the leg it but partially covered. He leaned his left arm on the bar, thrusting out the leg of the opposite side to its extreme length. In his right hand he held an old hat, which, from long and hard usage, had become so flexible, that it might easily have been doubled together and put in the pocket. His countenance was bloated, and his huge nose so covered with pimples and projections, that, if severed from the head, and stuck in a flower-pot, it might have passed for a plant of the genus *cactus*. His hair, which was long and uncombed, was ornamented, here and there, with fragments of straw, or heads of clover, which he had probably obtained in some hay-loft; and his eyes, inflamed and suffused with moisture, were intently fixed on the bar-keeper, who, as I have said, was reading for the instruction of the company. As the reading progressed, I heard the following words: "The right to import, implies the right to sell—to the unrestricted use of all the channels of commerce, even the most minute, to the consumer." The hero of the big nose instantly raised himself to an erect posture, and gazing for an instant upon the sur-

rounding group, with a countenance expressive of intense delight, dashed his old hat to the floor, and, leaping into the air, uttered, at the top of his voice, the exclamation, "Good!" The joy seemed contagious, and of that peculiar character, which ordinary language is impotent to express, and which can only be conveyed in song. A song was called for by him of the big nose, who seemed to be the oracle of the place. "A song! a song!" was echoed by a dozen voices, and the bar-keeper, who seemed to be entirely devoted to the gratification of the company, prepared to answer the call. A ring was at once formed, when, taking his place in the centre, he disburdened his mouth of an enormous quid of tobacco, and, assuming a sort of dare-devil expression of countenance, he sung as follows, while "Sir Oracle," with two toddy-sticks, drummed an accompaniment on the head of a gin-cask, which occupied a corner of the apartment. The performance was frequently interrupted by loud bursts of applause.

"Ye tipplers and topers, rejoice!

And ye who have hats, swing them high;
Shout! join every tremulous voice;
The hour of our triumph is nigh;—

"For what is imported, they say,
We may without hinderance sell,
Though it slaughter its hundreds a day,
And hurl its consumers to hell.

"Come, ye who can stand, join the ring,
And flutter your rags in the dance;
Shout, all! and exultingly sing,
*Long life to our treaty with France! **

From laws we have nothing to dread;
They are unconstitutional, all;
The court has declared it, 'tis said;
Then, hurrah for liberty! bawl.

* It was argued in the Supreme Court by Mr. C——, that our license law can have no binding force while our treaty with France remains, by which we have stipulated to receive their brandy, when imported in quantities not less than fifteen gallons.

“ We had giants for counsel — don’t fear —
 We had W——, and H——, and C——;
 ‘ The channels of commerce,’ * they’ll clear
 From our wharves to the poor drunkard’s throat.

“ Ha ! ha ! clear the track, boys — we come ;
 Our course shall astonish the nation ;
 With Brandy, and Whiskey, and Rum,
 We’ll give them hot Hell’s irrigation.†

‘ It shall flow where the waters now flow,
 And soon its effects shall be seen ;
 The country thus moistened shall show
 A color much darker than green.

“ Ha ! ha ! it shall flow, boys, away,
 Through every township and village,
 Nor tarry by night or by day ;
 And the Devil will look to the tillage.

“ Come, ye who can stand, join the ring,
 And flutter your rags in the dance ;
 Shout, all ! and exultingly sing,
Long life to our treaty with France !”

GLORIOUS NEWS.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in favor of the constitutionality of the license laws was made public during the month of March, 1847. The author was at

* Mr. W—— used the following language in his plea before the Supreme Court : “ The right to import implies the right to sell, to the unrestricted use of all the channels of commerce, even the most minute, to the *consumer*.”

† Mr. W——, in speaking of the diffusion of imported articles through the community, said, “ They flow through a multitude of channels, like irrigation.” It is to be regretted that he had not illustrated his view of the diffusion of imported articles, especially rum and brandy, by reference to some other process than that by which our fields and gardens are supplied with pure water, and rendered green and fruitful.

that time editing a paper entitled the Temperance Banner, which was published at Concord, N. H., as the organ of the N. H. State Temperance Society. The following is part of an editorial article, written on the receipt of the news from Washington:—

Certain passages in human life contain more poetry than has ever yet been expressed. We encountered one of them a short time since, and with the circumstances we must make our readers acquainted.

On our way to this place (Concord) from Boston on the morning of the last Monday, and before we had reached the city of Lowell, a little pedler of papers entered the car. "Morning papers, gentlemen! Mail, Bee, Times, Chronotype!" Two or three coppers were soon exchanged for the morning news, and we ran our eye over the columns with a double purpose, one for the latest intelligence, and another to stop a too busy memory from further labor in pulling over her budget of items. But what have we here? "TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH FROM WASHINGTON;" and in the brief list of items the following in capitals: "THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LICENSE LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS, NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND RHODE ISLAND DECLARED BY THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. OPINION OF THE COURT UNANIMOUS." First love, and strawberries and cream, are delicious, doubtless. Food to the hungry, and water to the thirsty soul, is not only a necessity but a joy which has not been and cannot be expressed. But what are all these to being permitted to see the final and fatal wound inflicted on a giant vampire, hell-born, and nurtured on the heart's blood of humanity itself?—to see the very consolidation and personification of all conceivable mischief and misery, the genuine spawn of the pit, whose very pastime it is to tread with iron heel on human hearts, and trample on all that is dear, lovely, and sacred in the estimation and hopes of men; the mystery of iniquity, who makes his provender of God's most glorious work, and when his daily task of murder is done, bathes himself in an

ocean of tears, and laughs at the wreck he has made ; — to see this monster driven from one refuge to another, by man, on whom he had trampled, and the providence of an incensed God, and at last compelled to lay his scaly neck under the axe of the guillotine, and then — *to see it fall and shorten him the length of a head !* — O, it was something more than a necessity, a joy boundless and unspeakable — it was a glory ! a — ; but there is no word to express it. For years we had, in companionship with good men, battled with this monster. The fight had been long, earnest, and for a time doubtful ; but now a fatal blow had been given, and although like a struck whale he might flounder and make the waters boil around him like a pot, yet we had the infinite satisfaction of believing that, in the whaler's phrase, "his chimneys were on fire," and that every time he spouted, his heart's blood would redden the ascending current. Our little anxieties and regrets were for a time forgotten. We felt as though we could address to Massachusetts the language of one of old : "Now let thy servant depart in peace." What had been wanting to give force and effect to the blow ? Nothing. Delay of two years had partially interrupted the judicial operations of four states, at least. It had tried men's souls, encouraged the vile to continue in their vileness, increased the plague, produced discussion every where, and turned all eyes upon the subject ; and to crown all, the great man of the country, the giant intellect, had planned and had pleaded for them. They had become bold, reckless, and impudent. "But how have the mighty fallen !" They may take up the lamentation of titled but fallen greatness in "Christopher Caustic : " —

"From heaven, where throned like Jove I sat,
I'm fallen, fallen, fallen down, flat, flat, flat !!!"

Yes, sing for joy, ye drunkards' wives, worse than widows, scattered over the land by thousands ; sitting by deserted hearths, and shedding bitter tears over the grave which the fiend dug for your fondest hopes and most cherished expectations, — be comforted, — dry your tears and sing ! and ye, poor young things, who have been made to hide your heads with shame for the

dishonor of a parent, to fly from the face of your own father in dread, and seek at the hearths of strangers the food, shelter, and safety which home denied, — shout for gladness ! Shake your scanty and tattered garments in a joyous dance ! The day of your redemption is nigh. Among her sister states, and in this long and severe contest, Massachusetts has led the van ; in that ancient commonwealth, the friends and supporters of the rotten and infamous system we are laboring to pull down, have, since the year '40, leaned successively on three props.

Their dogged obstinacy and the treason of some of our friends, added to the imbecility and cowardice of many more, had sacrificed the law of '38, which was intended to cut the system up, root and branch. The state had fallen back on the law, leaving the matter of granting or refusing licenses to the discretion of county commissioners. The friends of temperance, having their way hedged up in one direction, turned their efforts in another, and elected commissioners who would not license, and thus gave to the rum-sellers and their abettors all the benefits of prohibition. They felt the earth crumbling beneath, and cast about them for support and relief. Their first expedient was *to get the law repealed*, as they had done the law of '38. This they tried for two sessions, and *signally failed*. Their next hope was *in the disagreement of juries*. This succeeded for a time ; but the terrible rebuke administered to recreant jurors by their fellow-citizens, when they returned to their homes, soon checked that operation, *and their second prop went by the board*. They had one hope left — one shot in their locker — an appeal to the Supreme Court ; and the decision, which fee-loving lawyers had encouraged them to hope for, viz., the unconstitutionality of our state laws. That shot has at length been discharged, and with a terrible rebound has fallen with crushing weight upon their own heads. They may now howl forth their doleful lamentation, —

While troubles thronged on every side, we, as a last resort,
Had turned our eyes, with grief inflamed, up to the Supreme Court ;
But howl, ye fiends ! let hell wear black ! ! that sun went down at noon :
Curse on those judges' judgment ! ! they have blown us to the moon.

But we must rein up our quill which joy and exultation have driven upon the gallop over this fruitful theme. The way is now fairly open for the states to rid themselves by efficient laws of the giant curse of the civilized world. We offer our hearty congratulations to every friend of temperance, truth, and man.

BETTER TOOLS WANTED.

LOWELL, July 26, 1845.

FRIEND KIMBALL:—

I HAVE just returned to my lodgings, having addressed a large congregation of the people of this city, in the Rev. Mr. Miner's church. I am to speak to-morrow in the great hall near the depot, which will constitute my fourth, and probably my last, public exercise in this city for the present. If I am not altogether mistaken in my present view of the state of the temperance cause in this city, it is by no means discouraging. True, drunkenness is on the increase, and has been for some months. But why? *There are at present, in the estimation of the people, insurmountable obstacles to the successful employment of the only instrumentality in which they place ANY confidence as a means of suppressing that vice.* The great mass of the men of Lowell are mechanics, and can shrewdly calculate the comparative strength of impelling and reacting forces. You cannot persuade them to attempt filing away the rough surface of a piece of cast steel with a leaden file, or even a brass one. They know it will not cut. You cannot induce them by any art to attempt hewing a stick of timber with a stone sledge or a hammer. Experience has taught them wisdom, and however desirable it may be to square a round stick of timber, they will not work unless you give them an instrument that will cut. They must see the chips fly at every stroke, or they will give up the job. So in the matter of temperance. The people will not work with inefficient instruments. They declare that

the traffic, being illegal, having been publicly and repeatedly condemned to death, ought to be stopped by the legal authority of Massachusetts ; and whenever any work is to be done for the temperance cause that tends, without any possibility of mistake, *directly to that end*, the people will turn out *en masse* and do it. They would, on Monday next, or any other day of the week, or hour of the day, turn out by thousands, if desired, and delegate to the civil authorities any degree of power in their gift, in addition to what the authorities now possess, and direct them to employ it forthwith for the annihilation of a system they hate with a perfect hatred. We must have a more efficient law, the penalties of which shall be in some degree proportionate to the magnitude of the offence — a law which shall do something more than play with the infernal system. With such an instrument in their hands, the friends of temperance in Lowell will take hold of the work again in earnest. They seem to have little faith, at the present juncture, in other instrumentalities.

Exhort them to plead with the young men not to taste the seductive poison — they answer, that all past experience and observation prove to a demonstration, that exhortation and good counsel will fail, when the avenues to the vice are kept open in every street, and efforts unceasingly made to induce the thoughtless and inexperienced to enter. Exhort them to make efforts to reform the drunkard, to be charitable, and put bread on his table, and clothes on his back, and induce him to live henceforth a temperate life, — they will tell you they have done this, and will continue to do it ; but they will add, with an expression of sadness, “ What is the use ? The rum-sellers will get a vast majority of them back again, and are constantly converting our young men into drunkards, and training them to take the places of those we are reforming.” All this is true ; and when they ask those of us who are endeavoring to urge them forward in what we believe to be the path of duty, the puzzling question, “ *Where is the end of this ?* ” we know not what to reply. Could we answer in the language addressed by old Colonel Morgan to his troops at the battle of the Cowpens, “ One fire more, my

heroes, and the day is our own ! ” our cold water host would send up a shout that would make the heavens ring and the earth tremble, and would move to the onset with a power which nothing could resist. But what avails it to urge them forward to pelt with snow-balls an enemy intrenched behind brick walls ? The valor of a Hotspur or a Hector, the strength of a Samson or an Ajax, would avail nought. But put into their hands weapons in the temper of which they have confidence, and they will show themselves men—they will hurl the accursed system back to the hell from which it originated. Who will fight a tiger with a penknife ? Who will attempt to pierce the scaly hide of an alligator with a broomstick ? I repeat, we must have a more efficient law.

INCONSISTENCIES OF PROFESSED FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE is often sorely wounded in the house of its friends ; and painful as is the task of administering reproof, yet I shall attempt it, even at the hazard of displeasing many whom, in the main, I have reason to respect. Breaking the package of inconsistencies, the first that comes to hand is that most extraordinary and inexcusable one, of which many, even members of temperance societies, are guilty—letting public houses and shops with the permission to carry on the detestable and destructive traffic in intoxicating drinks within their doors. What renders such a course of conduct altogether inexcusable in those who practise it is the fact that they are generally men of wealth, who might, without serious inconvenience, let their estates for other purposes, or who, if they could not, would not eat less bread or sleep less hours if they stood untenanted. Yet many there are who will condemn the conduct of the heartless rum-seller, although he offers as an excuse his necessities, and can quote Scripture to enforce the duty of providing for “ one’s household,” and talks about ruin,

distress, &c., if he cease to ruin others ; and yet they will let their tavern or shop for a slaughter-house of souls, for an additional rent of ten, twenty, or fifty dollars, when, I repeat, of property they have enough for present and prospective wants, and perhaps a surplus sufficient to ruin their children. In what consists the guilt of the rum-seller ? Is it not that he furnishes to vice facilities, to crime its incitants ? And does not the lessor of the grog-shop afford to vice facilities, and to crime means and opportunity ? The day will come,—or I sadly mistake the signs of the times,—when he who furnishes the room in which drunkards and tipplers may congregate to gratify their base appetites, will be, in the estimation of the public, bound in the same bundle with him who pours to them poison for money. How can any professed friend of the cause, who is guilty of the conduct I have described, plead with the rum-seller or rum-drinker to change his course ? He dare not attempt it. They would both taunt him with his inconsistency.

Would that this were the only obstacle which the friends of our cause, influenced by the love of money, throw in the path of reform. But it is not. Another more formidable may be found in the fact, that many, very many, so far as my observation extends, even of the members of our total abstinence societies, are constantly in the habit of trading at rum stores, having their sugar, tea, spices, &c., put up by the same hands that pour out the maddening draught to the poor drunkard. They condemn his business in unmeasured terms, and yet help to sustain him in that business. They pour into his drawer the profits of their trade, which, in due time, are exchanged for rum, gin, &c., with which his decanters are replenished ; and so the work goes on. Were the temperance community to withdraw their patronage altogether, and leave him to the support of his rum customers, he could not, in most of our country towns at least, sustain himself ; and if forced by the consistency of temperance men to part with his rum trade, or their patronage, he would empty his bottles, and cease to

order from your city hogsheds of wretchedness, crime, disease, and death, to peddle in the beautiful villages and towns of the interior.

The business of destroying God's bounties and human hopes, so extensively carried on by some bloated capitalists of your city, would soon become as unprofitable as it is infamous. The excuses for such a course of conduct generally are, that it is more convenient to trade at the rum store, because it is nearer, or that the articles they wish to obtain can be purchased cheaper of the rum-seller than at the temperance store. Of any who may offer such an excuse I would ask, What then? Suppose the rum-seller continue his trade on the ground that it would be inconvenient for him to change his business, or that it would subject him to pecuniary loss were he to abandon it? Shall he go on? O, no! You will not consent that his convenience or profit shall be taken into account in deciding his future course. You demand that he give up his business, perhaps at a loss of five hundred or a thousand dollars per year; and yet, if he refuse to do so, and continue to exert his influence to curse the community in which you live, you will sustain him in his course by the profits and influence of your trade to save a half-mile's travel, or a cent on a pound in the purchase of your sugar. These things ought not to be; and we earnestly entreat those who may peruse this article, to examine themselves in reference to this particular, and if they have been faulty in time past, be careful that their *whole* influence in future shall be given to the promotion of our glorious cause.

TEMPERANCE PAPERS.

WE are grieved, and sometimes not a little vexed, to hear temperance men, when asked to subscribe for a temperance paper, excuse themselves thus: "Why, I take so many papers now that I cannot find time to read half they contain; and

besides, it is of no use for me to read them, for I am a temperance man already." Yet the gentleman must have his religious paper, and that too of his own sect, and perhaps his political paper, and will scold lustily if they do not reach him at the very hour he has a right to expect them. Ask, now, why he wishes to take the paper which is the organ of the Baptists, or Congregationalists, or, if a politician, why he takes the whig or democratic paper, and he answers promptly that he is a Baptist, or a Congregationalist; or, if a politician, that he is a whig, or democrat; and, of course, wishes to know what is going forward that may interest his sect or political party. Now, for the same reason every temperance man should take and *read* a temperance paper, that may keep him informed of whatever is going on of interest to the cause. This great cause is constantly presenting itself in a new aspect. Should not a temperance man view it in all its aspects?

The determination to use or not to use intoxicating drink as a beverage is a simple act of the will; yet upon that act hang immense consequences for good or for evil. The temperance question has to do with *all* the great interests of society, pecuniary, social, political, moral, and religious. Is it likely that an individual will be capable of pressing upon the consideration of his fellow-citizens, as he comes in contact with them, all the motives which might contribute to lead them to a right decision on this subject, who yet himself has not interest enough in the cause to subscribe for and read a temperance paper? We have been acquainted with a great many temperance men, and we never knew a thorough working man to complain that he could not get time to read a temperance paper. Besides, we have every now and then heart-cheering intelligence to communicate. Should not every temperance man wish to obtain the good news as early as possible?

"TEMPERANCE SUGAR ALE."

"THIS pleasant and healthful drink is made from articles that the *most temperate* can find no objection to. It will quench the thirst, and leaves a pleasant taste. Persons who find other drinks hurtful, need have no fear of the TEMPERANCE SUGAR ALE. Warranted to keep two months."

A handbill, beautifully executed, of which the foregoing is a copy, attracted our attention, a few days since, at one of the fruit stands in our city. We asked the privilege of examining this innocent article, being particularly struck with the import of the words "*Warranted to keep two months.*" A moment's examination satisfied us entirely as to its true character — that it was one step (and for the first, we should say, a pretty long one) in the process by which the ordinary small beer is to be converted into pretty stiff ale.

This is precisely what we have anticipated. "Temperance Beer," "Washingtonian Mead," and the like, salute our eyes as often as we unfold the pages of temperance exchanges, as well as other journals of the day not especially devoted to the cause of temperance. We have often asked ourselves, with some degree of anxiety, To what will this amount in the end? We venture now to answer aloud, that the alcoholic strength of these drinks will be increased from time to time by the addition of the article which occupies so prominent a place in the above handbill, namely, sugar, until they will satisfy the most depraved appetite. Every temperance man should know that the increase of sugar, or any other saccharine matter, *before*, will secure an additional amount of alcohol *after* fermentation. And he should remember that alcohol and other narcotics, which are frequently added to intoxicating drinks, together constitute the enemy against which we are warring. "*Made from articles that the most temperate can have no objection to!*" So is rum. So is gin. So is cider. What temperance man will find fault with molasses, or grain, or

apples? It is to the pernicious beverage manufactured from these articles we make objection, and not to the articles themselves. "*Warranted to keep two months.*" Why? Because there is enough alcohol to keep it! Washingtonians, beware! Temperance men of all classes, beware! Drink cold water, and you will be safe. Remember that with every glass of fermented drinks you swallow, you are receiving alcohol into your constitution. Especially beware of such as contain alcohol enough to preserve them in warm weather two months, or even a single week.

BUYING OFF RUM-SELLERS.

I NAMED ——— as one of the towns that had abolished the traffic; but they have done it in a way that I certainly should not recommend to others. They have bought off the rum-seller. In other words, they have paid one half the rent—one hundred dollars—to have the tavern in their village kept on temperance principles. They have been, therefore, for the present year, thus far rid of the curse; but it has not corrected the depraved appetite of the drinkers. They drink still, procuring it from other quarters, while at the same time the friends, in this effort to remove the evil, have so far exhausted their means, that they do not feel able to secure the aid of those moral influences on which they must mainly depend. That hundred dollars, judiciously expended in the town in sustaining a regular series of meetings in its different sections, and in sending the truth into every family through the medium of temperance publications, would, in the course of twelve months, have produced results, we doubt not, that would have rejoiced all hearts but the rum-sellers'; and gone far to secure the permanent triumph of temperance in the town.

But now, when the year is out, the taverner will expect another hundred dollars; the friends will not feel able to give it; and

that house, I fear, will again become the resort of such as love rum, and they will be supplied. I had an interview with the individual who now keeps the tavern, and I could give our ——— friends some information which might be useful to them. I have no confidence in this hiring Satan to grant us a little respite from the influences of his hellish arts. No compromises, say I, with rum-sellers. Let them abandon the trade from moral considerations; or, in the Washingtonian method, be starved out by the withdrawal of patronage, and the reformation of their supporters; or, let the law of the land sternly repeat to them the law of God, "Thou shalt not kill," and visit them with its severest penalties if they disobey. These are the measures I would recommend, but no buying off.

DRINKING SALOONS.

WE have again visited Brigham's Saloon, and the opinion we have already expressed of its influence, and that of other similar establishments, remains unchanged. It is splendid, to be sure. Its carpeted halls, magnificent mirrors, and elegant furniture, strike the eye with an imposing effect, and almost make the visitor forget, for a moment, that he is in a grog-shop — for such, with all its embellishments, it really is. The exhibition of taste in such an establishment is like spreading vermilion tints on the face of the dying, or like twining fantastic wreaths around the frame-work of the guillotine or the gallows. Such an establishment is the upper round of a ladder, whose foot rests in the drunkard's grave. The elegant lanterns in front of it light the street, to be sure; but that light is like the beacon flame which the wrecker kindles on the rocky shore, to lure the unsuspecting mariner to destruction. Since our first visit, an additional saloon has been fitted up for ladies. Yes, ladies, go there if you will, or to other places of like character, and patronize them, give them the countenance

of your presence, and help to sustain them,—but when a husband has spent his fortune by a career of dissipation, and you sit by your cheerless hearth, and weep over your blasted hopes and present wretchedness, *remember* that your own example sustained the curse that has ruined him and you.

PRELIMINARY EXERCISES IN TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

In the discharge of our religious, social, or relative duties, it is not enough that we be sincere, zealous, devoted, and persevering: expediency, fitness, and propriety should ever be consulted. We are aware that by using the word *expediency* we may expose ourselves to the animadversion of some of those concentrated, but locomotive abstractions, who are engaged in the benevolent enterprises of the day, and who are thrown into spasms at the use of such a term. But St. Paul was not afraid to use the term *expediency*, and it is as expressive and valuable now as when uttered by the lips of an inspired apostle. There is real occasion at the present time to repeat, in the hearing of temperance reformers, “All things are not expedient.”

In relation to the exercises which are frequently connected with our temperance meetings, both introductory and concluding, there should be, according to our notions, a little more attention to fitness and propriety; and here, as well as in relation to every other subject connected with the reform, we shall, without reserve, utter our opinions.

Meetings are generally commenced with prayer, or at least prayer from some one precedes the address; and in this exercise there is often a want of attention to fitness. Whoever is to lead in the exercise should so lead that the thoughts and inspirations of every praying soul in the assembly will naturally accompany him; and to secure this end, he should pray for

the specific object sought in coming together. The mind of every good man present is filled with that object, and while he who leads in this exercise devoutly prays for the recovery of the poor drunkard—that joy and comfort may once more visit the inmates of his wretched home—that the traffic which is the fruitful source of evil may cease—that the rising generation may be protected from the woes of intemperance—that the exercises of the present occasion may promote the advancement of the cause, the aspirations of every praying soul will accompany his utterance; and thus, from the united throng, there will ascend to God a sincere and heartfelt petition—the only one he will deign to hear or answer. But if, on the contrary, the clergyman, or whoever else leads in this exercise, wanders in his petition to the Sandwich Islands, or devoutly prays for the restoration of the Jews, he *alone* asks for those objects; the thoughts of the assembly are elsewhere, and cannot accompany his utterance with that deep feeling and earnest desire, which, united to living faith, alone can constitute prevailing prayer.

IN TROUBLE.

“And forward though I canna see,
I guess and fear.” BURNS.

THOSE who are now engaged in the rum traffic within the limits of our ancient and honorable commonwealth, are, just now, in great straits, more particularly in the country towns. The more decent of those who like a drop now and then, are ashamed to sit around the bar-room fire, as formerly. They lay their fourpence on the altar of their chosen deity, and, receiving their portion of the devil's sacramental cup, depart, leaving, as the companions of the landlord, such only as are lost to shame, and utterly heedless of the good or evil opinion of their fellow-men. The company of this last class, the

knafers, is endured by the taverner or trader only for the sake of their patronage, while their bloated faces, carbuncled noses, and tattered garments, exhibited at the windows, and within or about the doorway, operate like so many scarecrows upon the uninitiated. Then, again, the efforts of reformed men trouble the modern rum-seller exceedingly, as they catch, from time to time, one after another of his customers, and convert them, with the blessing of God, the help of good men, and the magic of the pledge, to stanch tetotallers. If he goes out to spend the evening with the family of a neighbor, some one of the little circle will often be troubling his conscience with arguments against his business and efforts for his conversion. If he goes to church, he is made unhappy while the preacher refers to his business, as affording evidence of terrible depravity. He goes to town meeting, and the passage of a vote to instruct the selectmen not to approbate any one for a license, is not a balm to his wounded spirit. His hope is now in the county commissioners. But before that honorable court he meets a committee to oppose his having a license, and is repulsed. Cursing his bad fortune and the cold water men, he wends his way home, determined to sell in spite of the laws of God or man. Presently the sheriff taps him on the shoulder, and he must appear before his betters. Some of his customers are not quite so hardened as he had hoped; they tell the truth under oath, and a smart fine or the jail is now the only alternative. He forks over the cash, and finds his name the next day in the newspaper, on the list of persons convicted at the late session of the county court, and in company with burglars counterfeiters, pickpockets, *et id omne genus*. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

GAMBLING AND INTEMPERANCE.

THE Siamese twins are not more closely linked together than are these two master vices of mankind. You cannot strike a blow at one of them but the other immediately throws itself into an attitude of defence. They mutually aid and support each other, and a complete victory cannot be gained over the one while the other exists to any considerable extent. Gaming apparatus, such as bowling-alleys and cards, or the beer and cider of that vice — dominoes and checker-boards — are, if not indispensable to the bar-room or grog-shop, are at least important auxiliaries. After a tippler has taken a glass or two, he must have some sort of amusement to while away or kill time, until he is again thirsty. If there are not pot-house politicians present, to engage his attention with a discussion of national politics, no tippling, fiddling Sambo or Jim Crow singer, to charm him with grindstone melody or screech-owl sentiment and song, then the checker-board, dominoes, or a roll in the alley for the next drink, passes the hour quite pleasantly, and serve well to whet the appetite for other stimulants, not very different in their debasing, brutalizing nature, but differing only in kind and degree. While gaming is thus, in the dram-shop, contributing to the destructive influence of intoxicating drinks, these latter are paying the debt in the gambling hells, by taking away from thoughtless men their reason, making them reckless, and fitting them to become the easy dupes and victims of the professed gambler and blackleg.

AN AMUSING SCENE.

THE cause of temperance has made rapid advances in — within the year past. The whole rank and file of the enemy were thrown, not long since, into most admirable con-

fusion, by the action of the selectmen in refusing to grant approbations for license. The town election was nigh at hand, and it was determined to test the sense of the town on the subject, and see whether the majority would sanction or repudiate the act of the selectmen. Those who, from appetite, interest, or whatever motive, were led to desire the continuance of the rum traffic in town, went to the meeting all agog, and earnest for the trial. A division of the house was called for, and a separation promptly effected between alcohol and water, without the aid of retort or copper kettle. "Those in favor of sustaining the selectmen in the course they have taken concerning licenses, will take the west side of the house," said the moderator, "and those of contrary mind will take the east." Then came the tug of war! No evasion, no concealment of sentiments or wishes, for any one who voted. What was a man to do who regarded his character, from whose soul the love of rum, or the love of pence, had not extinguished all sense of justice, all regard for the prosperity of the town, or the welfare of its inhabitants? Most fortunately, there was a door on the side of the house occupied by the miscalled *liberals*. Let them devoutly thank their stars for once! To the door numbers of them rushed; and,

"As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke,"

so eagerly rushed they out, glad to escape for once, having their own noses counted with some others, about the complexion of a ripe strawberry. The count gave fifty for rum, one hundred and seven for water — more than two to one. Our new friends and faithful allies, the Washingtonians, stood side by side with the old regulars, and together they triumphed. Let no one henceforth deny that there is a distillery in ———, one that separates rum from water,

Quicker by far, than some desire,
Without the aid of worm or fire.

A TRIBUTE TO MASSACHUSETTS. — PROPHECY.

WOODBURY, CONN., NOV. 26, 1845.

FRIEND KIMBALL:—

I WOULD that I could be with you the day after to-morrow. It is the day set apart by the executive of Massachusetts for special thanksgiving to God ; and if ever there existed a people on the face of the earth who have cause for devout thanksgiving, then have the people of Massachusetts cause. What, that is necessary for social comfort, intellectual development, or moral greatness, have they not ? I shall not attempt here to recount the blessings which a merciful God has showered thickly upon the state of *your* nativity and *my* adoption. Your paper could not contain the record. As its citizens number over the many gifts of divine goodness, may they be able, with the devout Addison, to add,

“Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.”

More than any other state in the Union, Massachusetts is “the observed of all observers.” She stands on a hill, in a moral point of view, and her light cannot be hid. I glory in the moral influence she exerts, and I would that, on her own soil, I could, at her annual thanksgiving festival, join my humble voice with those of her citizens who may swell the song of gratitude and joy. The kindness and hospitality of her citizens, during the last seven years, to me personally, and my high opinion of their moral virtues, have together forged a chain which will forever bind me to the soil whereon stands the little cot I call home.

Here, in my native state, Connecticut, I am treated with kindness, and I find here much to admire, respect, and love ; and yet I can say of the old Bay State as the loving Goldsmith writes to his brother, in the beautiful poem of the “Traveller,”

“Where’er I roam, whatever climes to see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.”

You may call it weakness if you will, but I cannot help it. Although I have been less than a fortnight absent from that mother of states, that soil to which every thing great and glorious seems indigenious, a tear blinds my eye as I turn it toward her territory, and my heart swells with emotion as I devoutly form with my pen the words so often heard in her courts and halls of legislation, "God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts." O, what a spectacle she is destined to be to the world a few years hence, when she has crushed her worst enemy, Intemperance! What then shall stay her railroad progress in the path towards perfection?

I speak of her crushing her enemy, Intemperance. She can and she will do it. Her principles as a state, and her past history, are pledges for the accomplishment of the work she has taken in hand. Events now transpiring, or about to transpire, may delay or hasten the final result; *but it will come*. If the case now before the Supreme Court of the United States should be decided in favor of Massachusetts the present session, the traffic in strong drinks, now unblushingly carried on in many parts of the state, in open defiance of all laws, divine and human, may have a very few months to die in. It will make one final struggle for existence, but it will be the convulsion which precedes dissolution. It is tolerably quiet now, but like a dying whale it will yet have its *flurry*, as the whalemén say. That once fairly over, of the carcass of this beast of many horns, old Massachusetts will make a light, which, set on the pinnacle of her highest lighthouse, Bunker Hill Monument, shall be seen at the palace of the czar of Russia, and by the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, and the Celestial Empire. Her *example* is destined to preach temperance trumpet-tongued to the world. Let those, who, with a whine which would do credit to a whipped schoolboy, are continually drawling out, "*You can't drive men,*" enjoy their opinions and express them too.

Ay, let them "whine
And whimper to the fourteenth line."

The old Bay State will, with the rod of righteous laws, **drive**

out these vermin, who, like the frogs of Egypt, have come up over the land and crept into the very kneading troughs of the people.

Probably some reader, whose blood is within three degrees of the freezing point, will exclaim, "Jewett is wild. He is enthusiastic, and the opinions he expresses are not the result of sober judgment. Like a timid boy, who walks abroad in the dark, he whistles to keep his courage up." But, sir, I know the people of Massachusetts. I have labored with and for them constantly for these seven years. I have, met them in council on this subject, from Berkshire Hills to Cape Cod. I have sat by their hearth-sides, and I know them as well as any living man; and I tell you, sir, and I tell the world, and would fain do it in the hearing of the wine-bibbers of Beacon Street, and of the distillers and rum-dealers of Boston, of the retailers scattered up and down through the state, who stand at the end of the hose, and direct the streams of death into the mouths of gaping thousands, *that an overwhelming majority of the men of Massachusetts have in their inmost souls decreed, that the traffic in intoxicating drinks, within her borders, shall come to an end.* Read those words, thou wretched wife of the wretched drunkard, sitting by your desolate hearth, and shedding bitter tears, as busy memory calls up the now blasted hopes of other days! Read them! They were not written to mock you with deceitful hopes. If you dwell within the bounds of old Massachusetts, and death does not speedily put a period to your woes, or the life of your infatuated husband, you shall yet be the happy wife of a sober man. Reform in this matter shall come, whether he will or no. If, in a lucid and happy moment, he may be influenced to dash the cup from his lips, it is well. If not, the touch of a magic wand, wrought by the wisdom and power of Massachusetts, shall palsy the hand which may be stretched to reach him the cup of poison, whether that hand belong to an aristocratic millionaire of the city of Boston, or the presiding genius of the dog-hole from which the very whelps of hell now yelp out their contempt of mercy and their defiance of law.

Read those words, ye abused and ragged children, who tremble in the presence of your crazed and infuriated father, and shrink away to your couches of straw. Better days are in store for you. The monster who has poisoned your father and stolen away your bread, shall die. The sons of those who fell on Bunker Hill, at Lexington and Concord, have sworn it before high Heaven, and it will be done.

**BOSTON RUM IN THE COUNTRY, AND COUNTRY
RUM-SELLERS IN BOSTON.**

HOLDEN, Dec. 30, 1845.

FRIEND KIMBALL : —

IN passing through a portion of Worcester county recently, I came into the possession of certain facts which in my judgment are too important to be kept from the friends of temperance generally, and of the citizens of Boston in particular. My route lay through Leicester, Spencer, the Brookfields, Warren, and one town in Hampshire county, Ware. Short as was this tour, it carried me through three places where the rum-sellers had been driven out by public opinion and the law, within the last three months; and where, my dear sir, do you suppose they have gone? What favored portion of our state approximates to a paradise through their blessed influence? Boston! I can almost fancy that I see our good Deacon Grant, as with the help of his glasses he reads this statement, knit his brow, and shake his head grown gray in the service of temperance and humanity, and in his quick, emphatic way, exclaim, "Too bad! too bad!" Yes, deacon, it is too bad, that the metropolis of the state, our modern Athens, your own beloved Boston, should be cursed with evil influences that are driven from the country. But so it is. Those rum-sellers have gone to resume their work of death in Boston. The country towns are being swept, and Boston catches the dust. They are casting out devils, and Boston is at present the herd into which they are permitted to enter. How and why permitted? A few words will suffice to explain.

In Boston, vile fellows, who are disposed to sell strong drink, are kept in countenance by some very reputable citizens, who prosecute the same business on a larger scale. In Boston, the law is not enforced, as in the country towns, and the impunity with which men there have been permitted to trample on the statutes of the commonwealth, acts as a bounty to encourage the emigration thither of every scapegrace, who, by a more healthy public opinion, and a more vigorous enforcement of law, is driven from the country towns.

When will Bostonians understand their true policy in connection with this great question? If they would not have their pecuniary burdens increased, — if they attach any importance to the morality and order of the city, — if they would not surround their children as they grow up with the very elements of pollution, — if they would not have Boston a curse rather than a blessing to the state, they *must* awake to their duty. The present state of things in the city exerts an influence to hinder the progress of the cause elsewhere. Strangers from other states visit Boston, and, forming their opinions of the condition of the state from the condition of its metropolis, go away and declare that what has been published in relation to the glorious results of the temperance reformation in the old Bay State is not to be credited. Friends of the cause go in from the country towns, and seeing the state of things in Boston, return disheartened, and almost despair of ultimate success. Rum-sellers, hard pressed in the country, go into the city to get their supplies of poison, and witnessing the unrestrained traffic there, go home strengthened and resolved to hold out a little longer, hoping for some favorable turn of affairs which shall secure to them the impunity with which their city brethren prosecute the work of death. Tell the men of Boston these truths. Tell them to Mayor Quincy, to the aldermen and common council, to the city marshal, to the clergy of Boston, — many of whom are as silent on this subject as though they had lost the power of speech altogether, — tell them, that unless they more faithfully and sternly discharge their duties, Boston shall become what Texas once was, the *paradise of rogues*.

A QUESTION ANSWERED, RESULTS PREDICTED,
MOTIVES PRESENTED, AND ADVICE GIVEN.

WHY does the cause of temperance advance so much more slowly in our large and populous towns, which are centres of trade and influence, than in the country towns around them, and the state generally? The above question is often asked, and a great variety of answers are given. The following extract of a letter to D. Kimball, Esq., in reference to the condition of one of our large towns in 1845, and which appeared in the columns of the Temperance Standard, March 13, of that year, contains a partial answer to the above questions, by the author of this volume.

What may be the precise condition of Springfield now, in 1849, so far as temperance is concerned, the writer does not know. He has heard that it has not been much improved since 1845. If such be the facts in the case, it may do the citizens of that town no material injury to read the following letter again, in a larger type than was used in its first publication.

“SPRINGFIELD, March 13, 1845.

“FRIEND KIMBALL :—

“There is no town in the state where the friends of temperance have more opposing influences to contend with than in this beautiful village. The railroad trains which come thundering into the village from the east, west, north, and south, bring along, daily, with many more valuable commodities, a score or two of itinerant loafers, of every grade, high and low, rich and poor, men who have no particular business but to gratify their sensual appetites, to eat and drink, to smoke and chew, to swear and gamble, to sink themselves, and all over whom they can exert an influence, lower in the scale of being. These drones in the great hive of human society are drawn to Springfield by a variety of attractions. They cannot endure stillness and quiet, because it would leave them time *to think*;

and Springfield is a busy, bustling place. The men walk fast, talk fast, and transact business in a hurry; and the ladies, it is said, proceed with such rapidity in their particular department of business, that they will set a bachelor's heart on fire with the lightning of their eyes, before he is aware of his danger, or can decide on his plan of resistance. The facilities for travel in every direction, is another attraction which Springfield presents to these unclean birds of passage and prey. They stay not long in a place, but like the canker-worm, when they have caten the green leaves of the bough on which they rest, and marred its beauty, they move to the next place, and so on. Every town or village presenting such ready means of communication with the rest of the world, will be periodically cursed with these migrating vermin. The strongest attraction, however, for loafers, which Springfield presents, is the extensive traffic in intoxicating drinks which is here carried on. All the principal taverns, though otherwise excellent, furnish to the infatuated slave of alcohol the poison which is destroying him; and there are in the place, a number of stores where the rum jug and bottle are filled without any apparent shame or attempt at concealment.

“To combat successfully the evil influences which are by these means drawn together at Springfield, and preserve the character of the place, will require the united aid of not only the laboring classes of society, the mechanic, the merchant, and the professional man, but the capitalists—men high in official station, whose influence for good or evil is always extensive. This latter class of persons, with a few honorable exceptions, stand aloof from this great enterprise, thus manifesting not only a lamentable want of Christian benevolence, but of true policy and worldly wisdom. The class to which I refer have strong attachments to the place. The kindred of many of them sleep in its cemetery; unsurpassed for its beauty by any I have ever seen. Springfield is the charmed and charming spot they call home. There, in the delightful gardens

and pleasure grounds which occupy the hill-side, or the more fertile plain along the borders of the Connecticut, may be seen the evidence of their cultivated minds and tastes. *There* their property is invested, and *there* they mean to spend the remnant of their days. Whatever is calculated to render property less secure, to lower the standard of intelligence and morality, to hinder the progress of religion and true refinement, to mar the prosperity and reputation of that beautiful village, is, therefore, to them an object of the deepest interest, and should elicit their most strenuous efforts for its removal. Now, gentlemen and ladies of Springfield, know ye not that a worm is at the root of the prosperity and character of your village, gnawing to the very heart of private virtue and public morality? It is the worm of the Still. Let intoxicating drinks continue to exert their legitimate influence among you, and occasionally the wretch, debased with rum, will apply the torch of the incendiary to your dwellings and warehouses, that during the conflagration he may plunder the means of further dissipation. Your property will be taxed to support the victims of intemperance, and their wretched families; your slumbers will be disturbed by the shouts of drunken revellers; the reputation of your village shall be still further tarnished, and you shall one day blush while you hear it spoken of as 'a County Grog-Shop.' Your sons and your daughters shall be corrupted by prevailing immorality, and numbers of your citizens sink yearly into graves of infamy. Would you prevent all this — secure your own true interest, the prosperity of your village, and the happiness of your citizens — embrace at once the cause of temperance, lend a helping hand to those of your citizens who are battling with your common enemy, and you will speedily drive him from your borders."

WASHINGTONIAN HALL.

BOSTON, March, 1843.

ON Court Street, a few doors from Brigham's Saloon, with which we have made the readers of the Journal somewhat acquainted, is the entrance to the rooms appropriated to the use of our zealous coadjutors, the Washingtonians, and devoted to the cause of temperance and humanity. And for ourselves, we should have but little respect for that man who could visit even this empty hall, knowing the object to which it is appropriated, without having his heart touched and softened by the reflections which must here crowd on his mind. There are the benches, which, night after night, are filled with men of all ranks and conditions; ah, and lovely women too, who meet to unite their sympathies and their efforts in behalf of the wretched drunkard, hurrying on with a strange infatuation toward an untimely grave. Here, at the north end of the hall, is the stand for the speakers; and on each side, seats for those who come to cheer with music and song the hearts of those engaged in this heaven-born enterprise. Here hangs the portrait of that faithful laborer, Hawkins; and on the opposite side, a series of engravings, illustrative of the drunkard's progress. Here, too, is the table, over which many a wretched man has bent to sign, with trembling hand, the *pledge*, that, with God's blessing, has restored him to society, happiness, and respectability. But let us pass through that door in the rear of the hall, and descend the stairs — not mahogany ones, dear reader, with a fine Brussels carpet for your feet, but plain boards rudely put together. No room here for display. The mahogany furniture, gilt lattice work, and gaudy draperies, are over yonder, at Brigham's, Concert Hall, not here. Here they are not needed. Sober business is done here, and elegance is not expected. But what have we here? — a dozen or more bunks, or coarse beds, for the poor victims of man's inhumanity, turned into the streets by the merciless rum-seller; and

left to perish, but for the efforts of the kind-hearted men who bear him hither, and take care of him until Reason has resumed her throne ; and then, with a word of encouragement, get their names to the pledge. May God's blessing rest upon every true Washingtonian, who, with honest purpose and holy zeal, labors for the reformation of the poor drunkard ; for, though fallen, he, too, is our brother.

PARTY AND SECTARIAN JEALOUSIES.

IN some particular localities, I am sorry to say, it seems hard work for the friends of the cause to forget, when they go into a temperance meeting, that Mr. A., who is speaking on the subject, is not a member of *our* party, or that he does not attend *our* meeting. His words have, therefore, little weight with many who hear ; and any measure he may propose is regarded with suspicion. If the angel of Temperance ever weeps, it must be over this fatal folly of her children. Suppose Mr. B. is a whig — what have you, Mr. Democrat, to do with that fact in a temperance meeting ? And why, Mr. Whig, while your neighbor is speaking on the subject, and from the fulness of his heart deprecating the continuance of the curse, and exhorting to some efficient measure, with a view to its removal, should you be thinking of the late political campaign, and the vote Mr. D. gave against your cherished political opinions ? Such a course by temperance men is perfectly suicidal. The same is true of sectarian prejudices, which serve to hinder men from working together in any movement for the good of community. Religion, “pure and undefiled,” never hinders its possessor from aiding even bad men in a good work. The disciples of our Lord, when directed to distribute the loaves among the starving multitude, did not display the littleness of their souls by inquiring who of the hungry throng were Pharisees, and who Sadducees. They fed them indiscriminately.

Men of different sects, who have in exercise the spirit of the gospel, will kindly work together to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, to reform the vicious, or remove from society sources of common danger; but let the parties whom you desire should work together for the promotion of a cause, bear but the name of Christ, without his spirit, and they will be as unsocial, jealous, intractable, and obstinate as the devil could desire.

THE RUM-SELLING PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIANITY.

MR. ———, the principal rum-seller of the village, is a church member, and Sabbath after Sabbath, takes his place at the head of his pew, and succeeds very well, as I am informed, in shaping his face to a sanctimonious seeming. To aid the gentleman and his acquaintances in estimating his claims to Christian character, I will contrast, in a few lines, the life and labors of the great Teacher, with the life and labors of this professed disciple.

| THE MASTER | THE DISCIPLE |
|-----------------------------|---|
| Went about doing good . . . | Stays at home doing evil. |
| Fed the hungry | Takes away the bread of the poor. |
| Healed the sick | Scatters the elements of disease broadcast. |
| Raised the dead | Hurries men to the grave by his accursed traffic. |
| Cast out devils | Puts the devil into men with New England rum. |

OUR MAIN SUPPORT IN CITIES.

THERE exist in cities some obstacles to the advancement of the temperance cause, which we do not have to encounter in

the country towns. First, the multiplicity of objects which are continually presenting themselves to the mind of its citizens, claiming their attention. In the midst of business and political speculations, fashions, ever-varying, new, and strange, and the constant and rapid succession of amusements, the great mass are whirled along with but little time or thought which they can spare to the work of reform. The very rich, seated by their warm grates, or their tables loaded with luxuries, have little time, and less disposition, to trouble themselves about the condition of the thousands who are suffering from the effects of intemperance. How can they leave their splendid saloons, to seek out the abode of want and misery, and administer to the necessities of their suffering fellow-creatures? Few indeed of the very rich are actually engaged in the work of reform; but enough such there are to show us what can be done by men to whom God intrusts great wealth, and extensive influence, and that still richer gift, a benevolent heart. From the other extreme of society, of course, we expect very little aid. Stinted as they are in the means of enjoyment, it is not strange that they should seek for the pleasure of partial intoxication, or to drown all sense of suffering in perfect inebriety; especially, when for the former they find a ready apology in the example of the wealthy, and but too often in the example of the professedly good. To the middling classes of our cities, such as the merchant with moderate wealth, the mechanic, the professional man who toils for his bread, and the artisan, the cause of temperance must look for its main support.

LEGISLATIVE WISDOM.

The following is an extract from a report made to the legislature of New York in 1842, by a committee appointed to consider the petitions of the friends of temperance for a law prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating drinks. It was quoted approvingly in an address delivered before the New York State Temperance Society, in 1843, by the Hon. D. S. Dickinson.

“A principle is deeply implanted in the human breast which is ever averse to compulsion and impatient of restraint. A dictatorial statute, with its pains and penalties, might, by operating upon the fears, make a few hypocrites, but it could never make a single convert ; and the very inhibition would produce a repugnance to temperance, and excite a strong desire to taste the *forbidden fruit*.”

Such language a non-resistant might consistently use ; but found in a *legislative report*, written by men who had assembled for the very purpose of framing “dictatorial statutes, with pains and penalties,” and who were then engaged in that business, must, with every man possessed of common sense, expose them to the charge of stupidity or hypocrisy. Stupid they must be, if they could not see that the principle they were laying down would apply equally to every law intended to restrain the corrupt appetites and passions of men. Ye wise ones, had ye no fears that your laws against *gaming-houses* would excite in gamblers “a strong desire to taste the *forbidden fruit*”? that your law against *brothels* would excite in the licentious “a strong desire to taste the “*forbidden fruit*”? that your law against theft would excite in thieves “a strong desire to taste the *forbidden fruit*”? We have no patience with such legislative consistency, or with *honorable* gentlemen who approvingly quote their senseless twaddle.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

UXBRIDGE, April 6, 1846.

FRIEND KIMBALL :—

Among the various obstacles which interpose to prevent or delay the final triumph of the temperance cause within the limits of Massachusetts, no one gives me more anxiety than the undue importance attached to alcoholic liquors as medicines. —Satan’s most potent agent for the destruction of men, body, soul, and estate, got its first circulation in human societies, and through the veins of human beings, on the strength

of its reputation as a medicine ; and I am persuaded that its supposed power to remove diseases, is the last intrenchment from which this enemy of man is to be routed.

As a means of getting my views before you and the readers of the Standard, I will give you, in the form of a dialogue, the substance of what has often passed between me and friends of the cause in different parts of the state.

Mr. B. Doctor Jewett, is there to be no action by the present legislature for licensing apothecaries to sell alcoholic drinks for medical purposes?

Dr. J. I hope not.

Mr. B. I am surprised to hear you express yourself in that manner. It is clear we must, through some channel, obtain the article in case of sickness ; and when we have stopped the traffic in stores and taverns, what are we to do?

Dr. J. You will be in a sad quandary, to be sure ! I hope you and your temperance brethren will not, however, be the first to put on mourning, for the absence of your old enemy, whom you are laboring so industriously to expel.

Mr. B. Ah, doctor ! it is easy to laugh ; but when the life of a dear friend or relative is at stake, and an important medicine, which might afford relief, is not to be had, even your mirthfulness would have to give place to some other sentiment.

Dr. J. You are supposing a case which does not often occur, I assure you. The term of time for which human life has been lengthened by alcoholic stimulants, contrasted with that by which it has been shortened, may perhaps compare as *one minute to a century* ; and in our efforts to remove the cause which has taken the life of at least every tenth man in our country, for the last fifty years, it is hardly worth while to embarrass our operations with a labored effort to provide for so rare a case as the one you have supposed.

Mr. B. You talk of the cases being rare, where the use of alcoholic liquor is demanded, as a medical agent : why, sir, there are but few days, during the three hundred and sixty-five, that our physician does not post some of his patrons off to procure rum, brandy, or wine for his patients.

Dr. J. Then he is sadly behind the times in his profession, or he is willing, for the sake of popularity, to minister to depraved appetites, or to subscribe to or endorse erroneous opinions.

Mr. B. (With some warmth.) Sir, our physician is no fool, and his honesty was never questioned by those who know him.

Dr. J. I am glad you entertain so good an opinion of my professional brother, who happens to have the care of your health. I hope it is well founded. But do state some of the cases for which he recommends spirits as a medicine.

Mr. B. Well, sir, it so happens, that I can do it with ease, for a number of such cases have occurred in my immediate neighborhood, recently. — The week before last, the son of farmer Curtis, a neighbor of mine, fell from an apple-tree which he was pruning, and fractured both bones of his leg below the knee. I happened to be passing the spot at the time of the accident, and helped to bear the young man to the house. The doctor was sent for in haste. He came, and, after reducing the fracture and dressing the limb, he ordered it to be kept constantly wet with spirits and water, mixed in equal parts.

Dr. J. Did he furnish the article, or send for it to his office?

Mr. B. No, he keeps only a very limited assortment of the most common medicines, for his own practice.

Dr. J. But, sir, according to your statement, spirit should be of the number, for it is a common prescription of his, as you inform me; almost as common as epsom salts, senna, or elixir paregoric. Why do not the articles rum, brandy, &c., have place in his "limited assortment" of choice medicines?

Mr. B. He does not want the trouble of it. He tried it once, for a short time; and, in his absence, some persons, who ought not to have it, called for the article, and, pretending they wanted it for medicine, the doctor's wife has filled their bottles, when they have gone off and got drunk upon it. Though no wrong was intended, many coarse jokes have been cracked upon the doctor in consequence of such cases. One of our *ultra* temperance men, who always carries every matter he takes hold of to a ridiculous extreme, absolutely insulted the

good doctor in the street, and after rallying him about Sam Soaker's getting a quart of rum at his office, to cure his wife of a fever, (when, by the way, she was in perfect health,) he told the doctor he ought to reverse the M. D., by which he proclaimed his title, and let it stand D. M., for "Drunkard Maker." The doctor, very properly, resented the insult, and his wife declared she would have no more to do with the stuff; that she would not draw another pint of it to save the life of the best man in the village.

Dr. J. Indeed! from whence then did farmer Curtis get a supply wherewith to keep the broken leg wet?

Mr. B. Why, he was obliged to go over to the store, in the east part of the town — and —

Dr. J. And *patronize a grog-shop*, which, with his brethren of the Temperance Society, he has been prosecuting for violation of the law, and doing his utmost to break up!

Mr. B. Yes, but he could not do otherwise, for the doctor said it must be had; and though Mr. C. declared to me he had rather have given a five dollar bill than to have stepped inside that rum-hole, yet the life and health of his dear boy were not to be sacrificed to his feelings.

Dr. J. Let me assure you, friend B., the life and health of his "dear boy" were in no degree dependent upon medicine to be procured at a grog-shop. Why was the broken limb ordered to be wet?

Mr. B. Why, it swelled much, and was very hot.

Dr. J. Then, why was it not wet with iced water?

Mr. B. I know not, unless it was the fear that the lad might take cold from the application.

Dr. J. "Take cold!" Fudge! The fear that a patient under such circumstances would take cold, in consequence of wetting the inflamed limb with cold water, is a bugbear, to frighten only those ignorant of all medical or surgical knowledge. If your doctor knows no better than to be influenced by such groundless fears, I recommend him to visit the Massachusetts General Hospital, and witness the daily application of cold water

to inflamed parts by the direction of such men as Surgeons Warren and Hayward, and he would part with his fears and ignorance together, and would not again subject his temperance patrons to the mortifying necessity of becoming the supporters of the grog-shop.

Mr. B. But, doctor, many learned and skilful members of your profession still recommend the application of spirits externally. How is this?

Dr. J. That fact is not difficult to explain. — Some physicians, though originally well read in the profession, and of extensive practice at the present moment, do not keep up with the improvements in the healing art; and we find them clinging to old exploded and false doctrines, to their own discredit, and much to the injury of the community. Not long since, a poor fellow attacked with colic, and whose bowels were twisted by spasmodic action into a state that rendered them as impervious, for the time being, as a gum elastic tube would be tied in forty square knots, was dosed by Dr. ——— for twenty-four hours with cathartic medicines, to no purpose, but to aggravate his suffering, — when the poor soul might have been made as comfortable as a cat on a cushion, in three hours, by the warm bath and opiates.

Mr. B. You speak with confidence, doctor.

Dr. J. So I may, for I am talking of matters with which I am acquainted. The old notion of dealing out, for every feeble patient convalescent from fever or other disease, a little colombo or gentian root, a handful of camomile, and a little orange peel, as a tonic, and ordering “a pint of good West India rum,” or “pure Hollands gin,” wherewith to extract their virtues, and perhaps make a drunkard of the patient, is a mere relic of barbarism; as much so as the ancient pillory or whipping-post.

Mr. B. But, sir, do you deny that there are cases where the internal use of alcoholic stimulants is necessary?

Dr. J. Certainly not; although such cases are by no means of frequent occurrence. What I deny is, that there is any *such* necessity for their use, as should lead to the licensing of any

particular establishment for their sale any more than for the sale of gamboge, or blue vitriol; and I deny the right of any physician, in country practice at least, to order the article and post his patrons off to a grog-shop to obtain it. All that is really necessary he should provide; and that he may do, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from a fountain not more extensive than a four ounce vial. This eternal soaking, sopping and snuffing of rum and other alcoholic liquors, ill become those who are professedly laboring to rid the world of drunkenness; and *as* ill does it become a respectable physician to encourage a system which destroys, I fear, more life than the whole medical profession, let them do their best, can save.

THE REAL SOURCE OF MISCHIEF.

QUINCY HOUSE, BOSTON, July 28, 1844.

FRIEND KIMBALL:—

“The world was not made in a minute,” is a Yankee proverb, as old, at least, as is either of us. Neither can the work of banishing from among men the accursed traffic in intoxicating drinks be done in a minute. Yet it *must*, I believe *it will* be done, at least in New England. I have already been engaged in the work more than twenty years, and I have again and again expressed to you the conviction that we were approaching the end of our labors. So far as the country towns of the state are concerned, we may as well finish the business in twelve months as to be twelve years about it. Boston will linger a little, but will finally bring up the rear in good style, when her influential citizens get their eyes open to see their true interests. Every hour is shedding light upon the subject, and making more clear before us the path of duty. But *how* is the work to be done? This article is intended for the special perusal and thoughtful consideration of such as are willing *to do something*.

To such, I say, look about you! and see whence comes the evil you still deplore; the evil, which, notwithstanding all the triumphs

of the cause in time past, still presses with mountain weight upon the hearts of suffering thousands. Look carefully, sharply, and steadily. One will tell you it is "a corrupt public opinion that does the mischief." But hold! Ask each of the next ten men you meet, separately, what is their opinion of the use of alcoholic liquors as a drink, and note the answer. Now ask them their opinion of the traffic, and note that. Eight of the ten will tell you the use is destructive, the traffic is a nuisance. Do the *two* tenths, or the *eight* tenths, constitute *public opinion*? Another tells you, "it is the use of wine among the *élite* and fashionable of our large cities and towns." Pause a moment and consider. Would the wife of your neighbor Ben Bloat, charge her misery to *that*, as the proximate or immediate cause? I think not. Ask her. Her answer will be worth a volume of speculations, and I venture to predict that in her search for the cause of her husband's degradation, and her consequent wretchedness, she will not go so far as the doors of the *élite*. Another will tell you that drunkenness continues because the ministers do not preach enough on the subject. But was it the character of your minister's last ten sermons that made Sam Switchel drunk for at least five days of the last week? I think not. It was not the sermons Sam swallowed. He did not come near enough to them to have them seriously affect him for good or evil. Poor fellow, he has not heard a sermon for the last five years. You must look farther, or nearer home, as the case may be.

Still another and another give you their explanation of the matter. I will give you mine. It is not public opinion alone, nor the wine party of Mr. A. or Mr. B., nor the faults and failings of the clergy, nor the inconsistency of temperance men. Neither of these, nor all together, though they are all doubtless evils, made Sam Switchell or Ben Bloat drunk last week. The real agent that stole away their reason and affections, and made them neglect their duties, and abuse their families, was alcoholic drinks furnished them by the rum-seller, in defiance of public opinion, of right and justice, and in open defiance, too, of the

laws of this commonwealth. That was the *real* source of the mischief. It has come to *that*. Public opinion was once against us; the social customs among the best people of this state were once against us; the law was once against us. Thanks be to God for his blessing on our labors, they are all changed in their character and influence, and are, at this moment, doing battle on the right side of this great conflict. Imperfectly, to be sure; not always in the heroic style we could wish; but yet, with all their imperfections, actively on the right side. The illegal traffic in strong liquors, carried on by Peter Poisoner, *Esq.*, and such as he, is, at last, the only real obstacle in our way. Strike, then, at *that*. Do not, as you love the cause, and would see it triumph, suffer yourself to be set on a wrong track, to be put off by any expedients, blinded by any cobweb veil of speculation, or sent on "a wild goose chase" after something away yonder, when the trouble is near you, at your very door, perhaps.

Get a fair view of the real wolf, and then let "your eye be single," your aim direct, and, without fear of noise, or sulphur smoke, and heedless alike of the lo here! and lo there! pull, and we will drag him out by the ears. The law must be enforced, such as it is, until we can make it stronger. Let others do what they may, look you to the illegal traffic, carried on in your vicinity, and get every particle of evidence against it in your power; and then, either bring the offender at once before a magistrate, or hand your evidence to the district attorney in time for the next county court. Do this, now, and continually. Suffer not your efforts to be diverted from this one channel. Waste no time, money, or influence in buying out rum-sellers, or in addressing petitions to them. Pray, but not to rum-sellers; they will not respect your petitions. Get up no temperance picnics, or festivals, if your town is yet plagued with a rum-shop. Work now; rejoice and be glad when the work is done. Then we will have festivals, give thanks, sing, and be right merry. When the time approaches for our next legislature to assemble, there will be other work to do, which shall be "cut out and basted" in time; but *now*, enforce the law.

There are no *real* obstacles in the way of its enforcement. There are difficulties, but energy and perseverance can overcome them. Let it not be said in the State House, when we ask for additional penalties, that we have not faithfully and fairly tried the law as it is. For long years we have ardently wished, and prayed, and labored, that we might possess the power to crush this monster of iniquity, with more than seven heads and ten horns.

God has at length given that power into the hands of the people of Massachusetts. If we fail to employ it, we shall prove ourselves to be hypocrites, or cowardly vassals, fit to be taxed, and tortured, and robbed by the rum-seller, so long as it may please him to afflict us.

OCCASIONAL AND STARTLING EFFECT OF THE TRAFFIC.—A SPUR TO ACTION.

LOWELL, June 30, 1846.

FRIEND KIMBALL : —

THE ordinary results of the traffic in strong drink have so long been matters of daily observation, that they produce comparatively but little excitement. It is the occasional, more glaring, but, in the aggregate, infinitely less evils of the wicked system we are aiming to crush, that tends most to rouse the community and direct its energies against it. The fact that twenty men have been evidently poisoned to death by alcoholic drinks, in a particular locality, and within the space of five years, excites vastly less attention and alarm than one murder and suicide committed under the maddening stimulus of rum. Twenty wives and mothers, residents of the same town, may have all their hopes of happiness in this life crushed by the drunkenness of their husbands, and, leaving their children to want and misery, may sink broken-hearted into the cold grave ; it will excite but little interest beyond the circle of relatives, or near neighbors, *if the tragedy only covers a sufficient period of*

time. Recently, the *ordinary* results of the traffic in strong drink only have been exhibited in this city, and they create little excitement, and the friends of the cause are getting cold and careless, and suffering their thoughts and energies to be so entirely engrossed by their various business affairs, that the rum-seller is permitted to push on the business of destroying human hopes and human life steadily and securely. Our friends will, however, again awake to their danger and their duty. If they cannot be aroused by the voice of exhortation and remonstrance, some of those occasional and awful results of the traffic will be exhibited in their midst, which have so often aroused our friends in other places to efficient action. Some infuriated wretch may imbrue his hands in the blood of his wife, child, or neighbor, or antedate his doom by putting an end to his own wretched life with the razor or the cord; and the fact will go forth in the city of spindles, that he was driven to desperation and delirium by rum; and *then* Lowell will go to work again. Why? Will such an occurrence alter the character or tendency of the rum trade, now carried on in her midst, in defiance of law? Not a whit. Will it increase the guilt of those who deal out the poison? Not in the slightest degree. But why, you ask, cannot they go to work now, and crush the accursed system without waiting for some awful occurrence, such as I have predicted? Because, although they *know* the nature and guilt of the system, they want *feeling* and *will*; and the sight of the mutilated body of a poor wife, who had been butchered by her drunken and maddened husband, would excite both *feeling* and *will*. These are often as necessary to the proper performance of our duties as is knowledge.

A DISTILLER'S CONSOLATION.

NEWTON CORNER, June 14, 1845.

FRIEND KIMBALL:—

AFTER reaching the village of Fitchburg by railroad, I took my seat in the stage, which was just about to leave for Green-

field. A run-seller from the vicinity of Greenfield occupied a seat near me. While quietly regarding the group of citizens assembled around the stage-house door, he was recognized by one, who, it seems, was an old acquaintance. In an instant that friend was at the side of the stage, and, after a shake of the hand, and the usual salutation, inquired, —

Mr. T. Well, Mr. A——, how go matters in your region?

Mr. A. O, they have brought us all up, and wrung our heads square off!

Mr. T. What do you mean?

Mr. A. They have stopped all licenses in our county.

Mr. T. [With a look of deep concern.] Have they, indeed? Well, what are you going to do? *You keep on selling, I suppose.*

Mr. A. No, I have stopped altogether.

Mr. T. Have the taverns stopped, too?

Mr. A. O, no; they sell, just as before.

Mr. T. [Brightening up a little.] That's it! If one does not sell it, another will. It don't make much difference in the long run.

The dialogue was here interrupted, for the driver's whip cracked, and away we went.

Who, think you, friend Kimball, was that Mr. T.? It was no other than a distinguished distiller of your city—Mr. Trull. How consoling was that reflection! "*If one does not sell it, another will. It don't make much difference in the long run.*" No, Mr. Trull, your hell-broth will sell yet. Keep your infernal tea-kettle boiling, and you will find men at remote points all over the country, who are so hardened in sin, that they will aid you in directing the poisonous product to the parched throat of the poor drunkard. They will stand along the line of operations leading from your distillery to the inflamed stomachs of perishing men, and pass along the fiery product. The work will go on, until an outraged community shall shut you, and the miserable satellites who revolve around you and do your biddings, in the cells of those prisons now thronged by your miserable victims!

A VISIT TO THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

WHILE walking down the streets of Portland, a few days since, in company with the very efficient mayor of that beautiful city, I was invited to step with him across the street and take a look at the imprisoned "spirits" shut up in durance vile beneath the City Hall. I accepted the invitation, and in a moment found myself in a large basement room, surrounded on all sides by the imprisoned fiends which, under the recently enacted and most righteous law of the state, had been arrested in their march from the mouth of the still to the mouths of the wretched men who had become already so far demonized as to desire the further acquaintance and companionship of the liquid devils. Three or four extensive seizures of the spirits had been made, and here they were all gathered in one group; and a sorry-looking group it was. Their sad plight, piled on each other's backs around the apartment, recalled the language of Hamlet to the skull of poor Yorick:—

"Where be your gibes now? your
Gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment
That were wont to set the table in a roar? . . .
. . . Quite chapfallen."

I looked upon the strong oak casks, some of them iron bound, and thought how fortunate it was that the hands of government had arrested them before their fiery and demonizing contents had got spilled into the stomachs of some of its poor deluded subjects. Long and ardently I had desired to see the government, in true paternal regard for its suffering poor, and for the thousands who are being hurled by the liquor traffic to ruin, exert its power promptly and effectually to stay the work of death. And here, at length, I am permitted to see the master spirit of mischief, the giant curse of the civilized world, chained. A feeling of exultation was kindled within me, which I have no words adequately to express. Aha! thought I; you who, with your kindred spirits, have sent thousands to

the watch house, to the jail, and to the prison ; who have bolted the doors upon thousands of my brethren, and shut them out from the society of their families and the world, have gotten into the limboes yourself ! The angel of justice has at length come down, "with a great chain in his hand," and bound you. Here you await your trial, and if condemned, as you probably will be, you shall be led forth to execution, amid the rejoicings of an injured people, and your blood shall flow, not, as ye hoped, down the parched throats of men, but down the gutters and through the city sewers. Well, you are in a good way. Mother earth and the waters of the bay can swallow you and not reel, and that is more than men could do.

How long have ye trampled on laws human and divine, taken your own wild, wicked way, and gloried in your might ! Ye laughed at "restriction" and "regulation ;" but stronger words have been whispered in your ears by the legislature of Maine—"suppression," "annihilation ;" and lo, ye pause here to consider the import of the new vocabulary. Well, ye will learn it, no doubt, for ye are apt scholars. But how will your friends and adherents, not only in the city, but among the hills, hear the news of your capture and detention ? They have hitherto gloried in your strength, and have asked exultingly, "Who is like unto the beast ? Who is able to make war against him ?" Maine hath answered in stern and decided tone, and—ye are here ! "The merchants of those things, which were made rich by thee, shall stand afar off, for the fear of thy torment, weeping, and wailing, and crying, Alas ! . . . For in one hour so great riches have come to nought."

What varied forms have ye taken, as I see ye here in your prison, and how varied your destination ! Here ye swell out in great bulk, like a corpulent, turtle-fed alderman, and there ye shrink almost to the dimensions of a water bucket. Let me look at your names, and learn whither ye were bound. "American Gin, Parsonfield." And what business had ye at Parsonfield ? Did the parson invite you to visit his field ?

Nay, verily. He would sooner have sent you to the Potter's field. But to Parsonfield ye were going; and for what? Ah, I remember. There is a poor widow in that neighborhood, whose husband ye slew, and whose eldest son ye have poisoned, until the poor lad totters as he walks. His brain is on fire. He talks incoherently, and strange fancies possess him. Sometimes he curses the mother who bore him; and those hands which, when a child, she pressed in hers while she prayed, have been lifted in violence against her. She is almost distracted with her troubles, and knoweth not whither to turn for relief. Despair has sometimes almost taken possession of her soul. She hateth thee, and lifteth her eyes, swollen with weeping, and her feeble hands, to Heaven against thee. And thou wouldst afflict her still more! Heartless, obdurate devil! Yes, you were journeying to Parsonfield for that purpose; but the angel of justice met thee, and—thou art here. How will that widow rejoice and sing when she shall hear the glad tidings of thy fall!

But let me look at thy brother fiend. "N. E. Rum, W. A., Bethel." And what was thy errand to Bethel? Jacob went up to Bethel, and built there an altar, because *there* the Lord met him in the time of his troubles. And you, too, have built an altar at Bethel, whereon thou dost sacrifice to strange gods. But goats and bullocks will not serve thee for sacrifices. The blood of our sons, "the expectancy and rose of the fair state," is smoking upon thine altar at Bethel. But thou art not there. Iron bands confine, and bolts and bars detain thee. Thine altar at Bethel will grow cold, and the sweet waters of the rejoicing heavens shall wash away its stains. "Old Madeira, 10 gallons, Wm. Baker, Brunswick." And you, old gentleman, were bound for Brunswick. There is a college at Brunswick; and did ye covet an education? "No, ye were going to teach, and not to be taught." So I supposed. A professor of infernal mathematics and languages, en route for Brunswick, to teach the young men big oaths, subtraction from the pocket, multiplication of miseries, and

reduction descending ; ay, and to add thereto important instruction in *your* rule of three direct, to the poorhouse, the prison, and the drunkard's grave. Verily, a rule of *three*, and as *direct* as one could desire. And " you give instructions in navigation." Ay, I have seen your pupils making trial of their skill ; and was it, indeed, an interesting exhibition ?

But let us make the acquaintance of your next neighbor, Mr. St. Croix. And you, sir, were bound to *Freeport*, but — did not get there. It was not a "*port of entry*" for you, it seems, with all its freedom. And what do you purpose to do now ? " Wait here the arrival of your friends from Boston." Very well ; we pledge you the word of the mayor and city marshal, that your friends shall visit you here, immediately on their arrival. Farewell to your devilship ; keep cool, and learn " the uses of affliction."





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